

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED  
JOURNAL OF



ART LITERATURE &  
CURRENT EVENTS



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MR. ALGER,  
SEC. OF WAR.

VICE-PRES. HOBART

PRESIDENT McKinley.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY

MR. LONG,  
SEC. OF NAVY.

SENATOR LODGE,  
OF MASSACHUSETTS.



COMPANY E, SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, PASSING THE STAND.

THE FIRST GRAND REVIEW SINCE 1865—CAMP ALGER, VA., MAY 28, 1898

(Photographed by BERT & PULLIS)

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK JUNE ELEVENTH 1898

"H'E'LL NEVER GO HOME!" After eluding all attempts by the United States navy to meet him in an open sea battle, Admiral Cervera slipped into the little, landlocked harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and effectually bottled himself up. He imagined himself in hiding. He had forgotten the mental obtuseness of the ostrich that buries its head in the sands of the desert and becomes serenely oblivious to the rest of its body. The hulls of Cervera's ships were indeed hidden from the harbor entrance by a low headland south of the town, but the masts, being of steel, could not be lowered. They could have been disguised. Had he taken a hint from the artificial florist of New York, Cervera could have wrapped them in bark and covered their tops with palm leaves. That Yankee idea might have saved him.

THE heart of the American Tory goes out to the stupidly unfortunate Cervera. He only wanted to be let alone. Why have we pursued him so remorselessly—hunting him up and down the Caribbean Sea? He never did this country any harm, the Tory insists—never sunk an American vessel or took an American life.

VERY true; but he is of the enemy, ye worthless citizen of our country, and Schley truly declares that Cervera "will never go home, any more."

THE world is not so large, after all. Manila is half-way 'round. With the Philippines under our flag, we now hail the new day much sooner than heretofore. The sand-glass of Father Time is turned over in the middle of the Pacific.

ONE of our readers at Gibraltar writes to ask the sentiment of the American people regarding the acquirement of a bit of Spanish territory adjacent to "The Rock." We hasten to assure the officer in her Majesty's service that the feeling is universal in the United States that the garrison at Gibraltar absolutely requires ground for a garden in which to raise its green groceries. Nothing could be more unseemly in these days of progress than forcing the hearty British soldier to subsist on canned vegetables when at least two crops a year can be grown in the rich soil of Southern Spain. Seriously considering the matter, the American people have no objection to the English extending their possessions as far as the northern frontiers of Catalonia and the Basque provinces. In other words, they can have all of Spain they want. The more they take the better the rest of the world ought to be pleased.

TIME has a delightful way—occasionally—of righting old wrongs. Ever since our Civil War ended our army has contained many commissioned officers who have been discharging duties for which a newly-fledged lieutenant would have been competent. Promotion was so slow that for an officer to reach the grade of captain before his head was sprinkled with gray hairs was unusual; lieutenants who were also grandfathers were not uncommon. Aside from the approval of conscience, there was such consolation as could be found in ten per cent additional pay every five years, but even this had to end with the twentieth year of service. Within a few weeks, however, hundreds of the modest bars on shoulder-straps have changed to leaves of gold and silver, and even to eagles, while colonels and lieutenant-colonels have been raised to the rank of brigadier-general. All of the appointees from the regular service are quite equal to their new duties; more remarkable still, most of them have sufficient courage to go back, as they must, to their old grades and duties when the war ends. This quality of endurance is peculiar to the army of the United States; no other nation is mean enough to compel it.

## A CAUTION TO BRAVE MEN

THE immediate invasion of Cuba has been decreed. Aside from the importance of the event, as a maker of history, unusual interest must attach to the campaign because it will mark the ascendancy of medical science as an ally to the art of war. The supremacy of steam power on the sea taught the value of the engineer. Coal and machinery are as necessary as brains and valor to win the naval battles of to-day. In like manner do recent wonderful advances in medical science bring the bacteriologist and sanitary expert into modern warfare. The place they will occupy in the impending Cuban campaign will be super-eminent.

Opinions as to the advisability of invading the island, at the beginning of the rainy season, are conflicting. A period of almost continuous wet weather begins early in June, during which the health of all strangers to the soil is imperiled. Able authorities, however, assert that sanitary precautions (all of which have been utterly repugnant to the Spanish character) will minimize the dangers if not wholly obliterate them. To enforce the health regulations laid down by a special medical board to accompany the army, we are informed the utmost rigor of martial law will be exercised. A new clause will be added to the Articles of War existing in the Revised Statutes of the United States, the suggestion of which, as here made for the first time, is well calculated to startle the people of the country.

The cardinal idea of the emendations to the Military Code will be that carelessness in observing and obeying health regulations will subject officers and men to penalties almost as grave as disobedience of orders or the infraction of the recognized duties of a soldier.

The safety of the army must be the first thought. Records of the Civil War show that more men died from disease than in battle or from wounds received therein. The civilized world will be shocked if the commander of the army invading Cuba shall make the drinking of unboiled water an offense punishable with death! And yet such an act of carelessness will be attended with as much danger to the general welfare as sleeping on post or inciting mutiny. In time of war, the soldier is punished with death for cowardice in the face of the enemy, falling asleep at his post, desertion, striking an officer, violating a flag of truce, and mutiny. These offenses are recognized in all lands as sufficient pretext for the infliction of the highest penalty. To this Draconian code, which is veritably written in blood, every volunteer who has joined the United States army within the past month is amenable.

In a campaign such as that impending in Cuba, death is to be confronted in a distinct and tangible form, away from the battlefield. Yellow fever is relied upon by the Spaniards to destroy our army. To disappoint this hope will be the work assigned to the most eminent medical men of this generation. Therefore, the invasion of Cuba will prove an object lesson to the civilized world.

The retention of a pest hole, such as Havana, on the Western Hemisphere has been an outrage to our civilization. The Augean stables became an offense to the nostrils of Jupiter, and Hercules cleansed them quite as much to please his father as to obey the behest of Eurystheus. Those mythological disease-breeders were only allowed to exist for two decades, but Havana Harbor has been a festering plague spot for several hundred years. Every summer, for generations, it has sent its deadly fevers to our Southern cities. Every port on the Gulf Coast has cause to execrate the very name of Havana.

The day will come, under a higher civilization, when neglect of proper sanitation by a people and the maintenance of fever-infecting centers within their borders will be regarded as sufficient excuse for concerted action by the powers of the earth who respect the health and well-being of themselves and their neighbors to justify invasion, occupation, and compulsory habits of cleanliness.

"Butcher" Weyler has been held up to execration for forcing the peasants of Cuba to leave their farms and concentrate in the cities, where they were sure to starve; but his offense is little more horrible than that of Spain, which has failed to undertake or carry out the most ordinary improvements in the sanitary conditions at Havana. Spanish colonists have been allowed to die by thousands, in utter neglect! From Cuba, the terrible fever has been carried to all parts of the tropics.

It is an offense against humanity that cries to Heaven.

Into such a pestiferous locality our brave men are compelled to go, and they cannot be too strongly cautioned to absolute observance of the health regulations under which they will be commanded to live. The safety of every soldier depends upon his personal habits and his regimen. Let the men who go to Cuba devote their minds to the maintenance of health and they have nothing to fear. An epidemic of yellow fever, in the camp of our army, would do more to destroy the courage and lives of our soldiers than a dozen midnight surprises. Therefore, the man who trifles with his health under such circumstances ought to be and will be punished. A sick patriot does his country's cause quite as much harm as if he were a healthy man in the enemy's ranks.

Equipped with the best modern arms, cheered by perfect health, the valor of the American soldier can be relied on to do full credit to himself and to his country.

## OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



ORD KELVIN has ascended the tower of Time. With the spectacles of science he has stared into space. Across the Antilles, over the Philippines, beyond the peace to be and the wars to come, he has measured the duration of life. The earth is an old coquette. She conceals her age. It has been complacent to fancy that, however disreputable her past may have been, the future is long enough and sufficiently large for ample reform. Such, no doubt, is the case. But meanwhile her wild oats are not yet sown. The hour is near when this globe of ours in whirling through space will poison the universe with the fetidity of its exhalations, asphyxiate humanity and leisurely repent. The date on which the new leaf shall be turned is problematic, but the hour of the great debauch Lord Kelvin puts just four hundred years away. At the expiration of that period the atmosphere will have reached the end of its tether. There will be then no more oxygen left. Through the development of industries requiring fuel, the increase of population and the decrease of vegetable matter, the present stock will be consumed, carbonic acid formed and the air too mephitic to breathe. There is the *Dies Ira*, yet without its ashes. There, too, is the darkness from which light shall come. Slowly, through anterior processes, out of the inanimate the animate will again emerge, with renewed vegetation oxygen will return, humanity too, but a humanity by which the vestiges of our own will be catalogued as prehistoric, and which, it may be, will surpass us in wisdom as man surpasses the ape. There is the real future, and it is a shame that there shall be none of us here to see it.

## GLORY, GOLD, AND GORE

St. Thomas, the Danish Island near Puerto Rico negotiations for the purchase of which by the United States are now pending, was offered to this country for a million and a half and declined by the Senate in 1870. Its utility then was obscure. At present that utility is obvious. Considered as a coaling station it would be convenient, as a prison tip-top. It would be a good place for captives of war. Hatred of the Spanish is there indigenous. In days gone by—during the century before last, to be exact—it was one of the headquarters of gentlemen of different nationalities who sailed the Caribbean in search of glory, gold, and gore. The gore was Spanish, so was the gold, and the glory was in spilling the one and securing the other. Success was continuous. The enterprise, recognized by England, sanctioned by France, assumed the proportions of a liberal profession. Young men of energy took to buccaneering instead of the bar. Tortuga was one of their strongholds, San Domingo another, St. Thomas a third. On the latter, overlooking Charlotte Amélie—the only town on the island—there still stands the castle of an old corsair. It is tall, if tottering, quite white, and it is beautified with machicoulis surmounted by a crenelated top through which the mouths of cannon used to talk. They talked very pertinently, too. Now and again they welcomed friends and allies, but their chief topic of conversation was Death. It was Morgan who prompted them.

## THE PIRATE OF THE SPANISH MAIN

Morgan was a Welshman, but not otherwise a thief. In the perspective of history he resembles a hero. There his figure projects. Behind it is a fleet of thirty-seven vessels equipped with two thousand men. They were pirates and he was their chief. As a lad he shipped before the mast, reached the Antilles, met Mansvelt, the Dutch filibuster, enrolled under the black flag, mounted hand over hand to the grade of vice-admiral, and, when his superior died, took command. His first achievement was the sack of Puerto-Principe. Puerto-Bello was the next to fall. Over the city a pestilence stalked. It arose from the putrefaction of the unburied dead. Guzman, the President of Panama, came to the rescue. He brought with him an army and left a ransom. It was not the pestilence that frightened him, it was Morgan. Then presently the latter was afar, leaning against the Pillars of Hercules, threatening to pull them down, attacking Gibraltar, silencing the forts there and demolishing a fleet. Meanwhile, partly at Jamaica, partly at St. Thomas, he had stored his booty. It seemed inconsiderable. To increase it he went back to Panama. There were eight thousand men to receive him. He and his band cut them to pieces. He took the town, and from it money and jewels to the value of seven million dollars. It was a nest-egg, one which he would have multiplied had it not been that at this juncture peace between England and Spain was arranged. By way of compensation he was knighted. Thereupon he married, settled down, and lived to tell his grandchildren tales of his hazardous youth. They can hardly be forgotten in St. Thomas yet. But the place has lost its savor. To-day it is little more than a marine round-house, a restaurant and water-tank for passing ships.

## NOTICE TO QUIT

On Alfonso XIII., king of Spain, king of Castile, of Leon, Aragon, Grenada, Valencia, Galicia, Murcia, Nararre, Seville,

Cordova, Jerusalem, the Two Sicilies, Gibraltar, the Canaries, Majorca, Minorca, the Indies Oriental and Occidental, etc., etc., notice to quit presently will be served. Paris is neighborly and hospitable. It is the resort of kings in exile and of outlawed queens. It is there, presumably, that he will go. His grandmother will be there to receive him. If his great-grandmother had not happened to have died, she would be there also. The lives of these ladies are not without pathos, not without poetry either, but, truthfully related, they would have to be told in Latin. "Do you know," said a Bourbon beauty not long ago, "if a man talked to me for half an hour without making love I should feel insulted." These ladies were spared any indignity of that kind. The Queen-Regent has different views. She is not a Bourbon, which is to her credit, and she is eminently respectable, which is still more so. Those who have enjoyed audiences with her state that she is a plain, hard-featured, determined woman. Her life has not been happy. Her marriage was an affair of state. The existence which her husband led was not commendable. When he died, the Madrilenes eyed her with distrust. Relatively speaking, it is but recently that her virtues as a mother and as a widow have commanded, if not admiration, at least respect. If go she must, it will be a pity. She has learned her role and performs it with decorum. Besides, she is merely a dummy. In Weyler there will be the dictator and the demon too.

## MATTERS ARTISTIC

Balzac, after a delay of half a century, has got a statue. Whether he needed it or not is a detail. Some time ago it was proposed to erect one to Guillotine. The idea found favor with the "Figaro." In advocating the project it spoke very pleasantly of the gentleman, of his invention also, and stated that he had been executed by it. On the morrow the "Temps" took the "Figaro" by the ear. It demonstrated that not only Guillotine did not invent the guillotine, but that it did not guillotine him. At the time it occurred to the writer that if every Frenchman of like importance were to have a statue the day was not distant when there would not be room enough in Paris to turn around. In the circumstances the delay regarding Balzac has been natural. He was more honored in the neglect than in the tribute. Now, however, the tribute has come. It represents Balzac in his nightgown. The sculptor is Rodin. As an artist the latter has been recognized as super-excellent. Hereafter he will be regarded as unique. He is the only one who has succeeded in the difficult task of making fame ridiculous.

## MATTERS LITERARY

Paradise has been definitely and doctrinally located. It is not in Mesopotamia, as was once assumed. It is not at the North Pole, as was recently alleged. It is in Somaliland. There are the four rivers; there, too, instruments have been found more paleolithic than any with which geologists are acquainted. The discoverer is Mr. Seton Karr. Others less imaginative than this gentleman, or perhaps more so, have indicated Manila as the site. The odor of the ilang-ilang, the murmur of the humming-birds, the enthrallments of sultry eyes, the blue beauty of tropic stars, combined with the fact that one may live there in state on a dollar a day and save money, sprinkle it with Edenesque effects more alluring than any that Somali can offer. Science should not disregard their suggestiveness, or fiction either. The first novelist to project a story from there has a fortune in waiting.

## MATTERS GEOGRAPHICAL

"La Roma," an erudite Neapolitan publication, states in a recent issue that according to inspired French sources la difficultà di bombardare Nuova York is such that the Cadiz fleet will sail straight for England. Whether or not the announcement is really inspired the Board of Strategy may alone decide. But from information which "La Roma" adds inspiration exudes. Ecco. "In order to bombard the commercial capital of the United States the fleet will therefore sail for England, yet experts consider this operation difficult because the ships will probably find insufficient water in the port of New York." There is inspiration indeed. But whether the source be French, and in that case whether it be brandy or whether it be beer, one may surmise yet never know.

## MATTERS FINANCIAL

Caran d'Ache suggests, through the "Figaro," the following repast for Uncle Sam:

Hors d'œuvre: Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii.  
Potage: Purée d'Antilles.  
Entrée: Cuba.  
Rôts: Espagne.  
Gibier: Chaudfroid des Canaries.  
Salade: Îles du Cap-Vert.  
Entremets: Mariannes sur canapé.  
Glace: Rochers des Pyrénées.  
Vins: d'E-pagne; Cigares de la Havane.

Caran d'Ache is a very good chef. The menu is tip-top. But what about the quarter of an hour of Rabelais? There is no mention of the bill.



AT THE GRAND REVIEW, CAMP ALGER, VA., MAY 28, 1898—Photographed by BERTE & PULLIS

1. Colonel Howard, Eighth Ohio Volunteers, saluting the President.
2. Major-General Graham, commanding Second Corps, and Adjutant-General Hiestand.
3. The President and Mrs. McKinley leaving the reviewing stand.
4. Color Company of Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteers.



SCENES AT CAMP ALGER, VA., MAJOR-GENERAL GRAHAM COMMANDING—Photographed by BERTÉ & PULLIS

1. In line for breakfast.
2. Sunstruck.
3. Carrying wood to the company cook.
4. Regimental baggage, in the regulation army mule-wagon.
5. Battalion drill, in column of companies.

## THE MAKING OF AN ARMY



ONEY and patriotism cannot do all things. They cannot instantly create from good and abundant material an efficient army. Add skill and brains, energy and adaptability, and all six combined are powerless to produce at the call of any government the one thing on which its very life may suddenly depend.

Our country has a population of over seventy million intelligent, willing, generous, and energetic people. They have loved to talk of their latent military power and the wonders they would do when called to arms. It is a revelation to them to learn that they have been dreaming. More than a month has passed since that call came, and they are still unable to put an army in the field fit to cope with a fourth-rate power or to accomplish the easy object for which war was declared.

The fault does not reflect upon the patriotism of the people, but upon the system which they have been content to believe would prove sufficient in any emergency. The theory that the so-called National Guard would quickly rally around the nucleus of a regular army of twenty-five thousand men and become at once a thoroughly efficient force of at least one hundred thousand has been exploded. The difficulty of obtaining one-fifth as many trained soldiers, and the impossibility of quickly equipping and sending them to the front, has proven that our system of army expansion is entirely wrong.

More than a month has elapsed and not fifty thousand men are ready to go to the front. Every energy of the government has been strained to fit the army for service, recruits have volunteered by the thousands, and still it is impossible to invade Cuba with the certainty that the army would not suffer on account of its lack of equipment, discipline, and hardiness. This situation proves that time was the great factor left out of the calculation of the people and their statesmen. Time is necessary to the making of an army. With time ignored even the great American nation, with all its wealth and wonderful qualities, finds it cannot raise an efficient army in a few days, or weeks, or months.

The government has done wonders in the last month, but it is humiliating to know that we must still wait before going into the field against Spain, whom we ought to have been able to crush on this hemisphere within a week after the declaration of war. With a stronger foe in front it would have been a bitter lesson. With no danger from an invader, the costly experience of to-day may profitably lead to greater wisdom in Congress, when the military establishment of the United States claims, as it must, far more serious consideration than has ever been given it.

One of the first things to be acknowledged is the fact that we have no National Guard. The organized militia of the several States must be regarded as purely State troops. They are a fine body of men, and for the duties for which they enlist there could be no better nor braver soldiers. Their record is bright in Nebraska, where they faced the hostile Indians; in Illinois, where they saved the State millions of dollars in the Pullman riots; in Wisconsin, where they defended Milwaukee against the anarchists; in Ohio, where they quelled great riots; in Pennsylvania, where they dispersed the strikers, and in New York, where their services in 1895 in the street railway troubles were inestimable in the preservation of law and order. They are a part of the civil power. In the duty of upholding it the militiamen are worthy of the place they have won in the hearts of the people. The citizen soldier is patriotic and willing to fight for his flag anywhere in the Union. It is no reflection on his valor, or his patriotism, to say that he had not enlisted for a foreign war. He has shown his willingness to go to Cuba, but he was not satisfied with the prospect of going as a recruit in some regiment other than the one to which he belonged as a militiaman. If he had been a regular soldier it would have made no difference to him, and he would have gone to the front at once.

A real National Guard should have Federal headquarters at Washington and be governed, as are the British volunteers, who form a fine army of two hundred and thirty thousand men. There are needless multiplications of officers in certain State troops, differences in organization and equipment, various schemes for instruction and other factors that make the gathering of our State troops as a whole into an efficient army, with the regular army as the nucleus, a very slow and, as we now see, a very discouraging process.

Military critics agree that if Spain were invading this country it would take a year to put a sufficiently powerful army into the field to drive and keep her out. They claim that our Civil War indicated this and that our present situation proves it to be true. There was a year of fighting in the former instance before the troops on either side learned their business and were really effective. General Wesley Merritt declared that "there was not a battle in the first year of the war where one-half the number of regulars could not have defeated both armies united."

It has been popularly supposed that we could muster an efficient army more quickly this time, because there were so many veterans of the late war who would step into the ranks well drilled and disciplined soldiers. The regular army officers

at the various camps are finding that the efficiency of the veterans is impaired by the fact that they are either too weak to endure hardship or too old to learn with ease the new methods of war.

The United States thus finds itself not only making war but making an army also. In response to the call of April 23 one hundred and twenty-five thousand men enlisted. The number of enlisted regulars is thirty-seven thousand. The popular question is "why does not this army of one hundred and sixty-two thousand men invade Cuba?" The reply is, that the regular army is not large enough and the volunteer army is not in a fit condition for field service. The nation must wait while the volunteers get ready. It is almost unpatriotic to tell how little we were prepared for war when we declared it. The particulars are whispered by regular army officers who know our condition, and it is perhaps wiser not to repeat what they say. Our condition is still bad enough after a month of active preparation, and it can be accepted as the truth that the delay in invading Cuba, for which the President is so hotly blamed, is wholly due to the fact that no considerable portion of our army is fit to be moved.

The wait for Cervera's fleet was fortunate for us. According to a Senator close to the President, the Administration has been hoping that during this delay Spain would collapse. It has been more than thankful that our forces need not yet be thrown into the field and the ineffectiveness of the United States army thus exposed to the world.

The demonstrated fact that the so-called National Guard is not to be depended upon in time of foreign war raises the question, What is the remedy? In Australia, Italy, Germany, Russia and France there exists at all times what is called a General Staff, for the purpose of looking after the military body as to organization, transportation, equipment, armament, and supplies. The General Staff blazes the way far ahead for any war that is at all likely to occur. The Staff does not execute plans, it formulates them. The United States has nothing in its civil or military establishments that parallels this Staff. It is true there are the departments of Quartermaster, Chief of Ordnance, and of Commissary, that look to actual needs in times of peace and war and report directly to the Secretary of War. If these departments had formulated plans within the last year to meet the military conditions of to-day, statesmen in Congress would have laughed at them and no attention would have been given to the views of men trained and paid to keep in touch with military development, foresee the approach of war and anticipate the needs of national defense. An establishment similar to the General Staff of foreign governments will become an absolute necessity in the management of an army of the size this country will hereafter be obliged to maintain. If it had been in existence with our small army of twenty-five thousand men, that number would have been found efficient, and one hundred thousand more men could have been organized from the National Guard much more expeditiously than has been done under our present lack of system. With the Staff in office, the twenty-five thousand men would have instantly made an outer line of resistance under the cover of which the volunteer forces could have been recruited at leisure and with success.

It has been found that all of the vast equipment of the last war has disappeared through various causes, and that our factories, running day and night, have been unable to meet the demands of the army that was to rush from its armories to the battlefield. A General Staff would not only see that a large amount of arms and ammunition is on hand at all times, but would keep the equipment up to date in style and provide for a sudden increase of supplies. The swelling of the regular army and the placing of all militia regiments on the same footing as to organization, equipment, and general instruction would cause a larger output of army supplies, and manufacturers would provide great facilities for turning out articles of equipment. Our small military establishment does not now call for a great output, and there has been no incentive to keep a large stock on hand.

A military authority declares that fully forty per cent of the volunteers lack to-day guns, uniforms, blankets, tents, beds, mess-kits, and supplies of all kinds. Information from other official sources shows that this statement may be relied upon, and it is a fact that if the volunteers were thoroughly drilled and disciplined they could not be equipped to go to the field. At the grand review of the troops at Camp Alger on Saturday, May 28, President McKinley saw one regiment almost entirely dressed in cutaway and sack suits, wearing derby hats and marching without guns. He saw the Pennsylvania regiments move by with only eight companies. Some regiments from other States had twelve companies and some ten. A private in a Kansas regiment appeared in a full-dress suit.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers now mustered in there are about seventy thousand troops fit for service. There are thirty-seven thousand regulars who could take the field, making a force of one hundred and seven thousand equipped soldiers who might be pushed to the front, but who are far from being thoroughly disciplined and seasoned troops. Against this force the enemy has one hundred and eighty thousand men in Cuba, twenty thousand in Porto Rico, fifteen thousand in the Philippines, and eighty

thousand in Spain. Luckily the effective regular army force in Cuba is not over sixty thousand. There are in addition sixty thousand volunteers and twenty thousand guerrillas. They are well equipped and will fight much harder against the Yankee than against the Cuban.

If the twenty thousand troops scheduled for the Philippines be deducted, there remains only eighty-seven thousand United States troops now fit to face the two hundred thousand Spanish troops in Cuba and Porto Rico. These figures are accurate to-day, and I am told by those who know that it will take three weeks more to satisfactorily equip the one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers. It takes fully fourteen weeks to make a good soldier out of a raw recruit; a first-class officer cannot be made within two years. The damage political influence has caused in the organization of the Pennsylvania regiments. In that State ten thousand eight hundred and sixty volunteers were mustered in, enough for ten regiments. The politicians of the State forced the number up to fifteen. The consequence was that many of the companies contain only seventy-five men instead of one hundred and fifteen—the proper number. Most of the regiments were formed with eight companies instead of twelve. The intent is plain. It is not in the interest of the nation, but for the personal preferment of favorites of the politicians. By this unreasonable and vicious addition of five regiments there had to be created extra officers with their appropriate compensation as follows:

Five colonels . . . . .	\$17,500
Five lieutenant-colonels . . . . .	15,000
Ten majors . . . . .	25,000
Thirty captains . . . . .	54,000
Sixty lieutenants . . . . .	90,000
Five chaplains . . . . .	7,500
Five majors (doctors) . . . . .	12,500
Ten first lieutenants (doctors) . . . . .	16,000
Total . . . . .	\$237,500

Although the Seventh New York was about the first regiment to volunteer, it was repulsed with a stigma because, having made the same demand as the Pennsylvania troops, it did not set about the accomplishment of its desire in the same way. It also wished to go as a regiment, so as to preserve its organization. Yet the Pennsylvania regiments now stand forth in full glory, while the solid Seventh is made to feel that it has disgraced itself. It is a startling fact that there is not a United States officer in the whole number of ten thousand eight hundred and sixty men from Pennsylvania. These volunteers, moreover, actually desired to go into the field as a separate Division without being under the orders of the War Department. Each regiment of volunteers is by law allowed to have one United States army officer. Most of the regiments avail themselves of this privilege. When the National Guard left Pennsylvania forty per cent of it were unequipped, and, in spite of the determination to preserve the regiment organization, forty-eight per cent were not members of the Guard when they presented themselves for enlistment.

In some States the use of the State equipments was refused. Many regiments came to camp in very bad shape. The Rhode Island regiment and the Sixty-fifth New York were exceptions; but the New Jersey regiment was not in good condition, the Seventh Ohio was worse, and the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Indiana was still worse.

All the obstacles to the rapid preparation of an army had to be met by the War Department, which, through no fault of its own, was thrown unprepared into the crisis. There was no military Staff to plan and no willing Congress to appropriate money in time to meet this extraordinary situation. The money later given should have been available fully a year ago. When the call for volunteers was made there were hardly enough rifles for the regulars. Two rifles must be allowed by war precautions for each man, who also must have one hundred rounds of ammunition. Since April 23 the Department has fully supplied sixty per cent of the hundred and twenty-five thousand who have enlisted. They are in fighting shape, both as to equipment, arms, and uniforms. It has been a colossal work rapidly performed, but it has shown the weakness of the National Guard theory in time of stress. It must be admitted the volunteer army is at best raw and only partially fit for service. War Department or Staff supervision of the National Guards would have remedied many defects which the emergency has shown to have existed and would have saved the regiments a great deal of their embarrassment. As it is, the palsied hand of a weak nation is strong against our bad system of land defense. We go into the field against Spain inferior in force and equipment. Our volunteers step out with derby hats and dress suits, gunless and crude, while the People cry, "Remember the 'Maine'" and "On to Cuba." This brief analysis of the volunteer situation must give force to the proposed remedy. Common sense and the sense of safety would seem to show that we need a larger regular army and a permanent military Staff to look after the military exigencies of the country and to plan for all possible emergencies. Congress should be in sympathy with such a Staff, so that we may never again be caught in the predicament in which we have been placed by the refusal of the People to learn that there may some time be a sudden declaration of war.

Many will still argue that our Civil War was the greatest conflict ever fought and that our armies of volunteer soldiers were the most wonderful the world ever beheld. They forget that the process by which men were made soldiers in that war was illogical, unmilitary, and wasteful. Thousands of lives were thrown away that might have been saved by foresight in military affairs, and if it was a grand and glorious spectacle, the American people paid very dearly for it. It should have taught that men cannot be taken from civil life with no desire for glory, no military training, and be uniformed, organized into regiments, equipped, armed and turned into the field in a few weeks with safety to themselves or to the nation. There never will be any question about raising an army. The groundwork should be carefully done in time of peace by regular army officers. The enthusiasm of our citizens will always fill the regiments on the first burst of patriotism, but to make real soldiers of them requires time and forethought.

At first a regiment is little more than a mob. Perhaps every man may know something of infantry tactics. Almost every American has belonged to a military or semi-military organization. They can march, and are often praised for their fine appearance in line. But keeping step and executing a few motions of the manual of arms is but the beginning. The battalion, not the company, is the tactical unit. The regiment has to master the battalion drill and become proficient in skirmishing before it can go into battle. It is of little use until it can move with its division as each man moves with his company. This takes time and hard work.

Still more important than drill is discipline. No recruit can possess value without it. Then they must be hardened; they must have the experience of being with veterans and learn how to preserve their health, and how to avoid indulgences and habits that will undermine their strength or render them liable to disease. There must be months of training before recruits are ready for the real experience of the march. A man may fare very well in the city in parades, but on a long tramp, loaded down with their accouterments, the volunteer suffers greatly by the restraint of the march, which seems to be loose but is really severe. He must not lag or straggle, and must feel that he is merely a cog in a remorseless machine and must move with it. Troops otherwise well drilled are slow in acquiring this art. The volunteers are now being taught all this at the various camps. They are being "whipped into shape."

When a regiment has learned tactical drill, experienced camp life, and become steady on the march, it is on the way to perfection, but is still far from it. Inefficient officers and men must be weeded out. It is a slow process; they are not all discovered at once. The old and weak will in time break down; some will die and some will be discharged for various troubles, which exposure has brought about. The regiment must learn how to live on the move. The experience is vastly different from that had in camp or on a practice march. The services of the men detailed as cook are done away with, for soldiers must then do their own cooking. They must learn how to make fires of green twigs in a rainstorm; how to husband their supplies, how to sleep, not on the ground, but off of it—on branches, grass, or corn-stalks. All these experiences tend to weed out the regiments and to make those who remain true soldiers. It becomes weaker in numbers but stronger in efficiency. Then comes the final step in the making of a regiment; it is led into its first battle. A great many brave men then have an attack of "cannon fever." They get rattled, and, if the others are not steady and their officers are inefficient after all this training, the regiment goes to pieces and many lives pay the penalty. Officers will disappear one by one until finally thoroughly competent colonels, captains, and lieutenants will remain. They will usually have an effective regiment behind them, and it will accomplish its duty under fire with the least possible loss of life. The regiment will come out confident of its strength and ready for any service; a reliable and valuable force. Being trained, it will be more cheerful than a green regiment and will fret less over privation. This has a marked effect upon the well-being of an army in the field.

Many of the regular army officers remember their sad experience with raw regiments in the last war, and they are therefore unwilling to rush them now to Cuba. They know that many of the volunteers were killed that might have been saved if time could have been taken to have put them in the field in better shape. These officers are going slow now lest this costly experience be repeated in the invasion of Cuba. The same proportion of undrilled and undisciplined men are presenting themselves for military service, actuated by the same patriotic enthusiasm and eager to cover themselves with undying glory, as did their fathers in '61. It is the President's humane aim to send this valorous host to the front as fit as possible. Those who are crying "On to Cuba!" should restrain their impatience until the military branch of the government has made an army that can be saved from itself. They should also learn the lesson the necessary delay so strongly teaches, that the United States must hereafter have a permanent regular army of one hundred thousand men and a real National Reserve of two hundred thousand more, with a General Staff to watch over and direct all, so that an efficient and powerful army can instantly defend or invade, as the country calls, and be supported in the field while it is doing so.

THOMAS GOLD ALVORD.



MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

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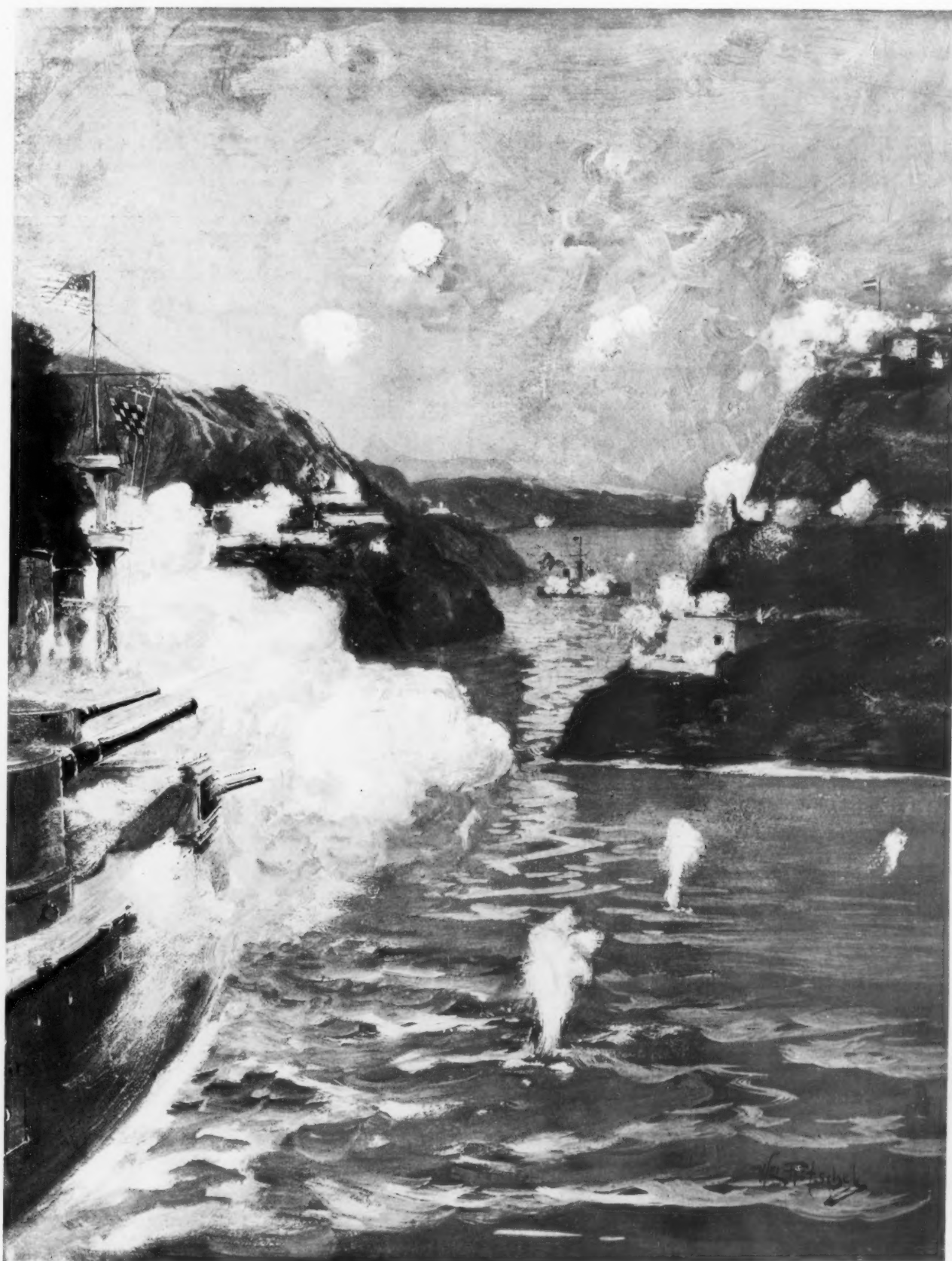
CITY OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, SEEN FROM THE BAY

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# FROM THE FRONT

*AN ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN OF THE WEEK'S WAR NEWS*

NEW YORK JUNE 11 1898



COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLEET SHELLING THE SPANISH FORTS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA, MAY 31

"FROM THE FRONT"



A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S DARING VENTURE; AND OTHER SCENES AT THE FRONT.—Photographed by JAMES H. HARE and GEORGE PARSONS

1. Arrest of a disorderly sailor.

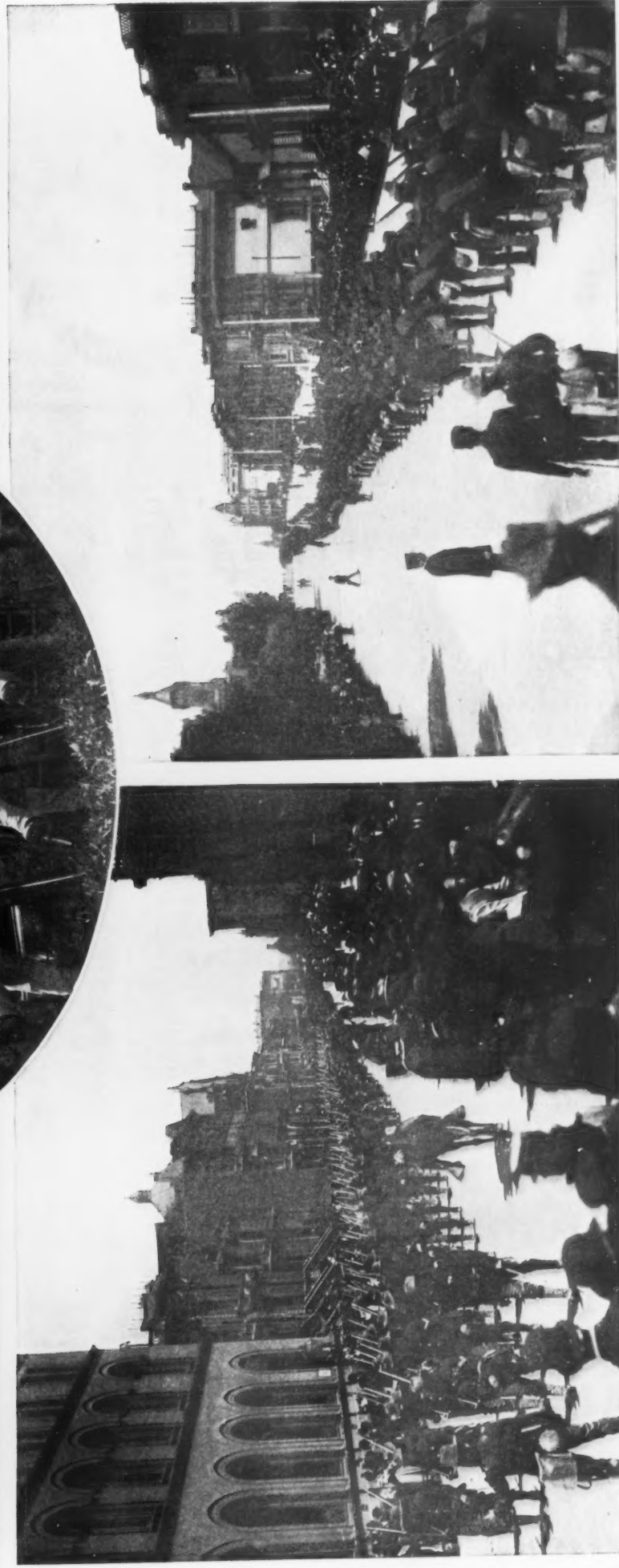
2. Landing of the "Times" in which correspondent Knight of London "Times" started for Havana. He had been granted permission to land if he came in a neutral vessel, so he bought a rowboat and put off from a steamer to row ten miles to shore.

3. Mr. Knight takes to his oars.

4. View of the camp of the marines.

5. Mr. Knight takes his toppings aboard.

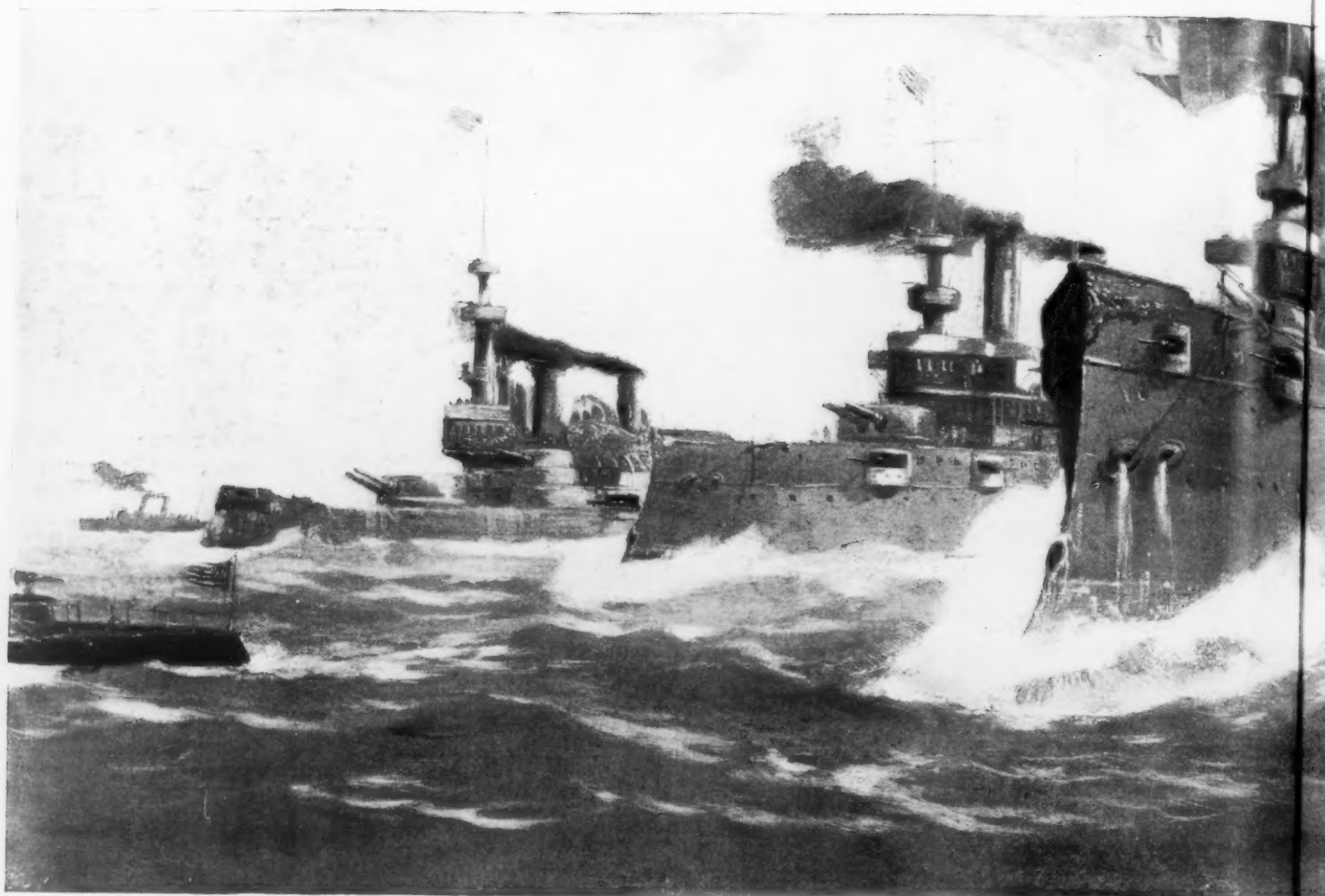
"FROM THE FRONT"



1. Arrest of a disloyal soldier.  
2. "Lover's life" in which correspondent Knight of London "Times" started for Havana. He had been granted permission to land if he came in a neutral vessel, so he bought a raucous and put off from a steamer to row ten miles to shore.  
3. Mr. Knight takes his baggage aboard.  
4. View of the camp of the marines.

GENERAL MERRITT'S EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES

1 and 3. Camp of Seventh California Volunteers from Los Angeles at the Presidio, San Francisco.  
2. Major Robt. Fourteenth Infantry (regular), and officers of his battalion, which is en route for the Philippines.  
4. Oregon volunteers marching to the "Fighting" to embark.  
5. Seventh California marching through San Francisco to their camp at the Presidio.



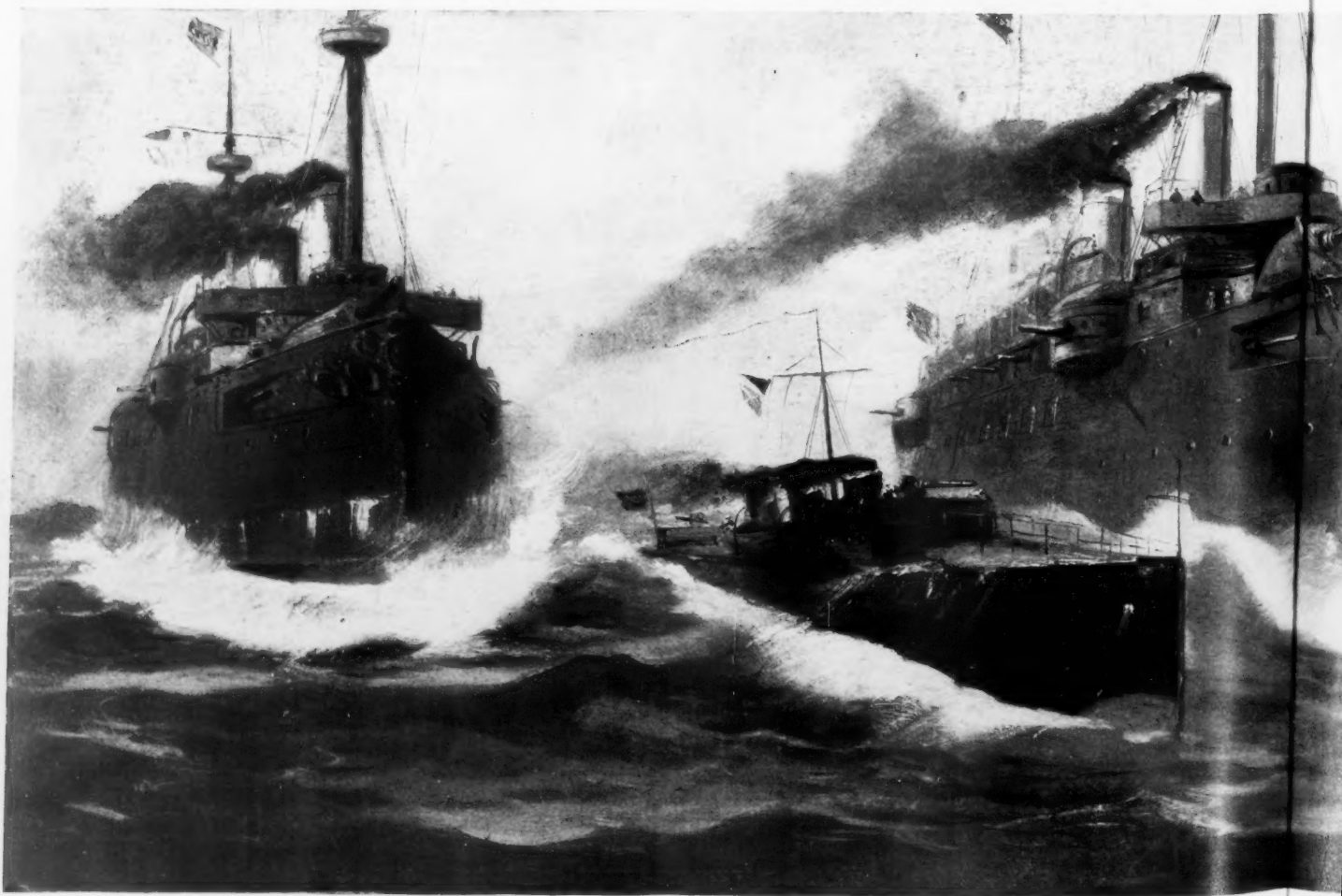
FOOTE

YALE

MASSACHUSETTS

IOWA

BROOKLYN

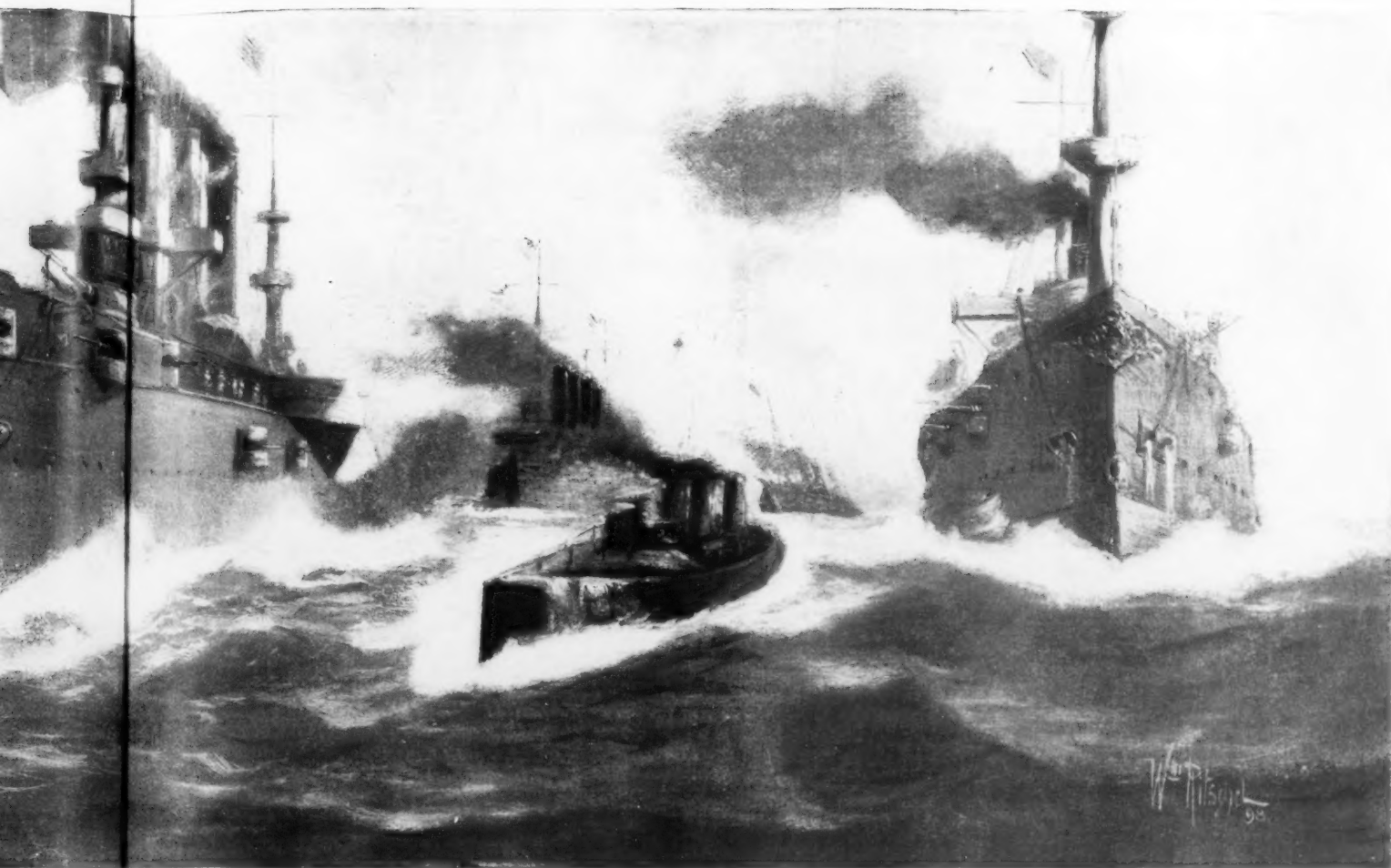


VIZCAYA

PLUTON

MARIA TERESA

# THE AMERICAN AND SPANISH FLEETS



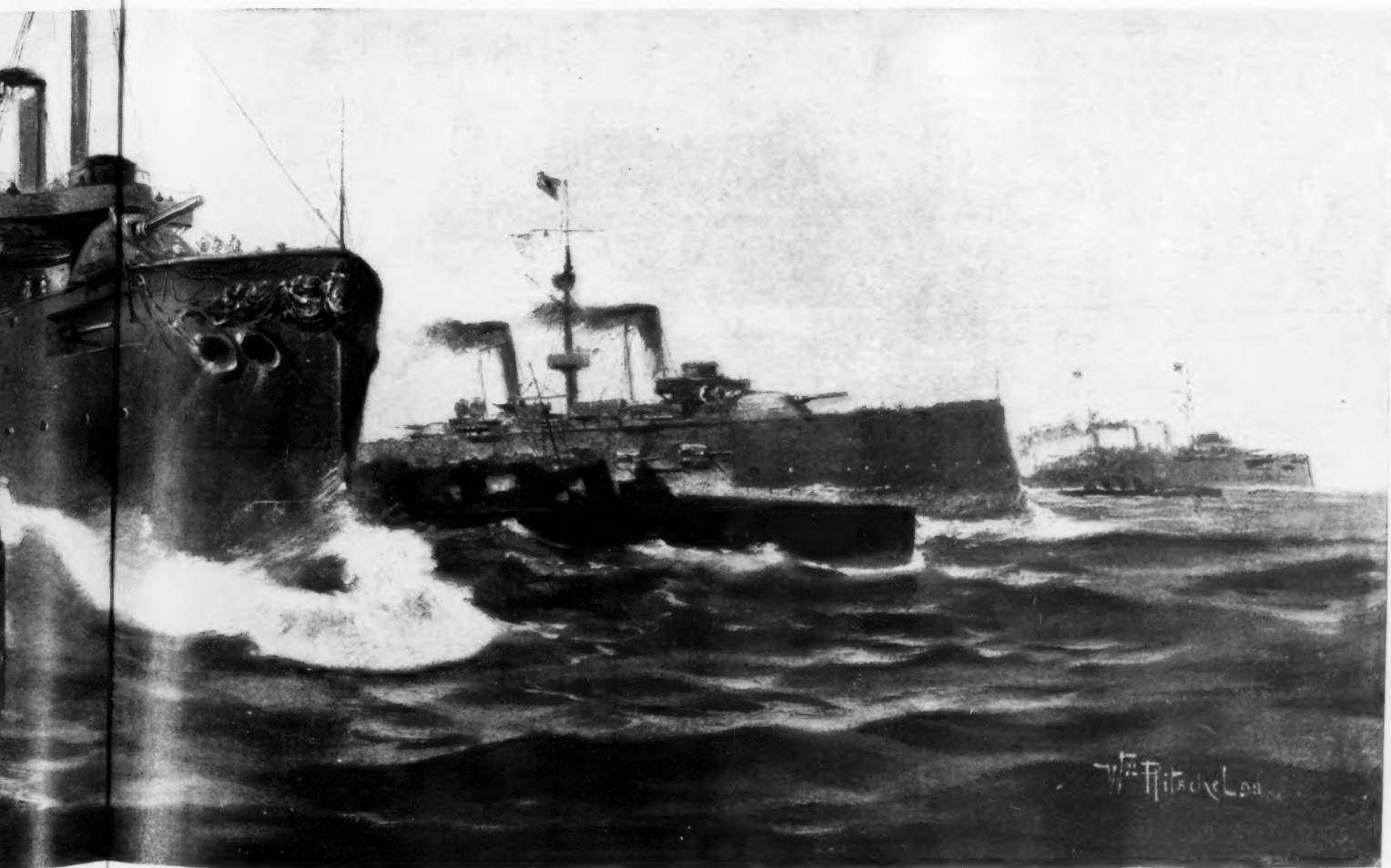
BROOKLYN

NEW ORLEANS

PORTER

EAGLE

TEXAS

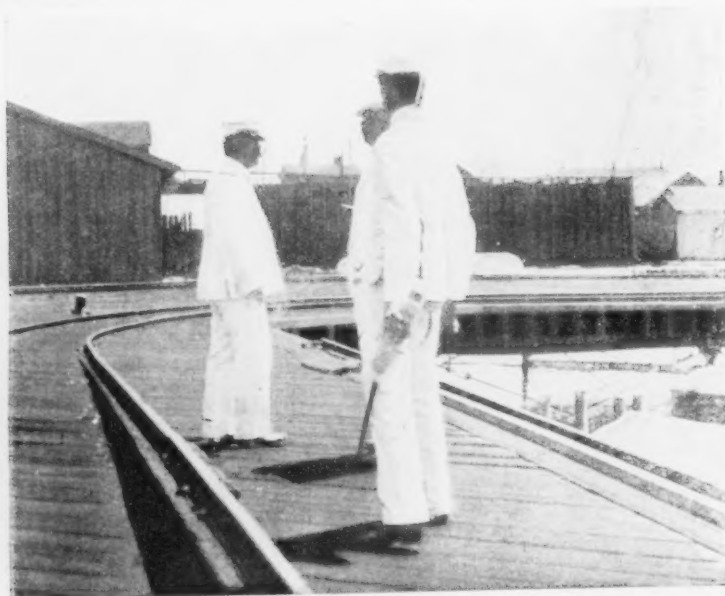
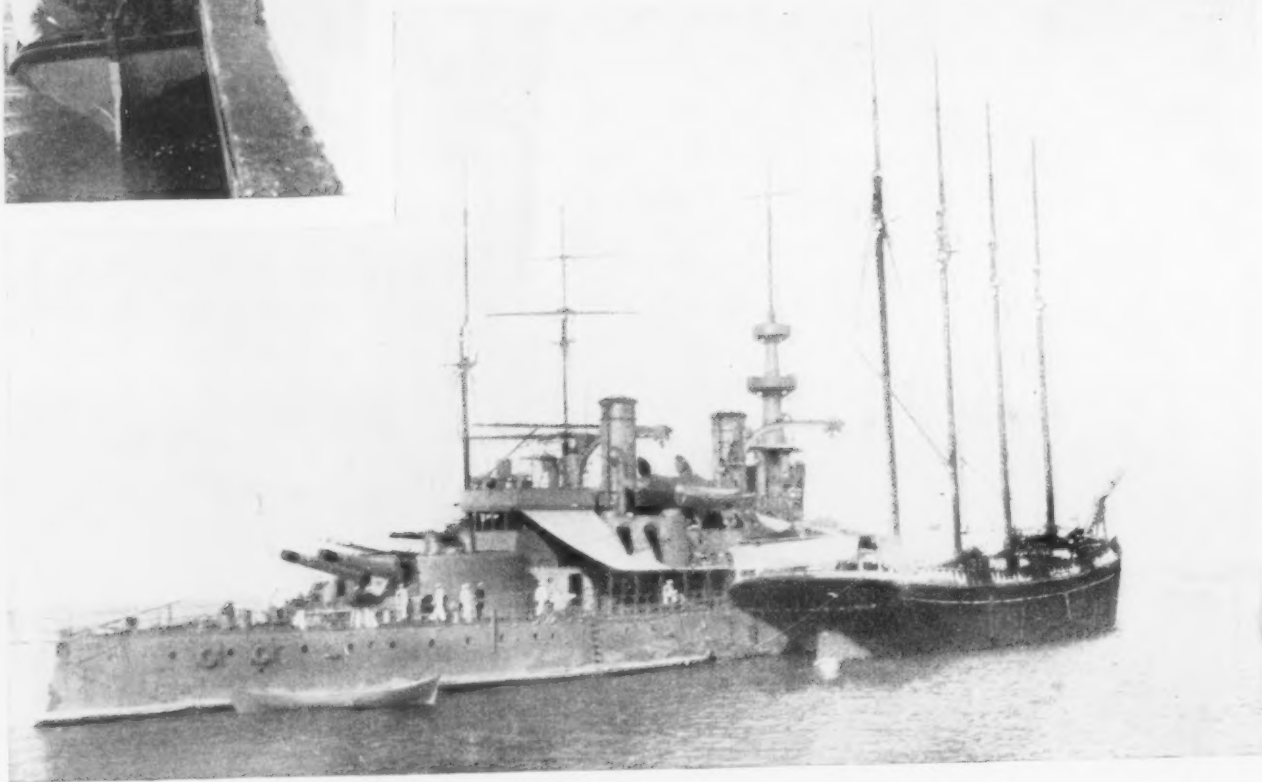


MARIA TERESA

FUROR

CRISTOBAL COLON

ADMIRAL OQUE .DO.



ARRIVAL OF THE "OREGON," AND OTHER KEY WEST SCENES—Photographed by GEORGE PARSONS

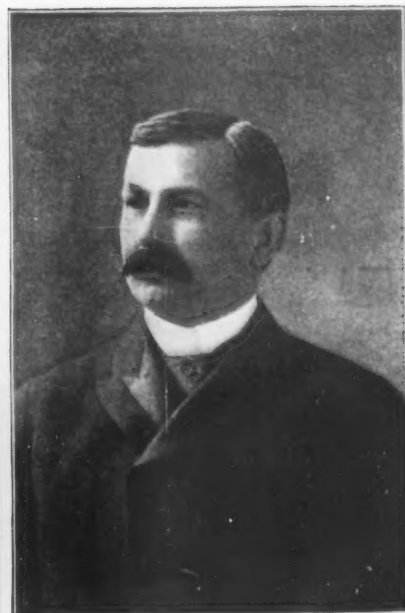
1. Spanish prisoners leaving steamer to go to Havana for exchange.
2. Aft on the "Oregon."
3. The "Oregon" coaling from two transports.
4. The Spanish prisoners awaiting Spanish boat.
5. Captain Clark of the "Oregon," just come ashore to report his arrival from San Francisco.



BRIG.-GEN. W. C. OATES,  
*Late Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army and Gov. of Ark.*



BRIG.-GEN. A. C. M. PENNINGTON,  
*Late colonel of Second Artillery.*



BRIG.-GEN. F. W. GREENE,  
*Late colonel Seventy-first New York.*



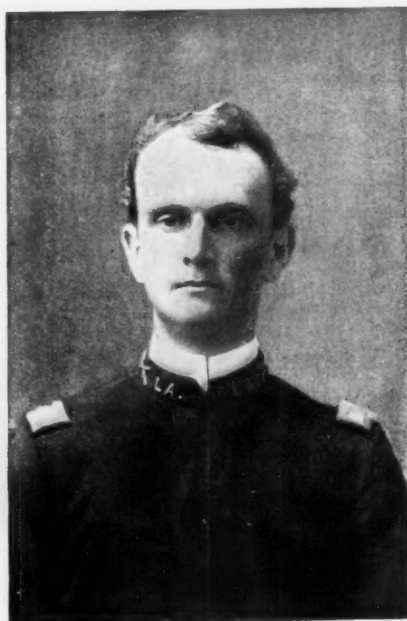
CAPTAIN F. J. HIGGINSON,  
*Commanding battleship "Massachusetts."*



REAR-ADMIRAL C. C. NORTON,  
*Commandant of Washington Navy Yard.*



CAPTAIN A. S. CROWNINSHIELD,  
*Chief of Bureau of Navigation.*



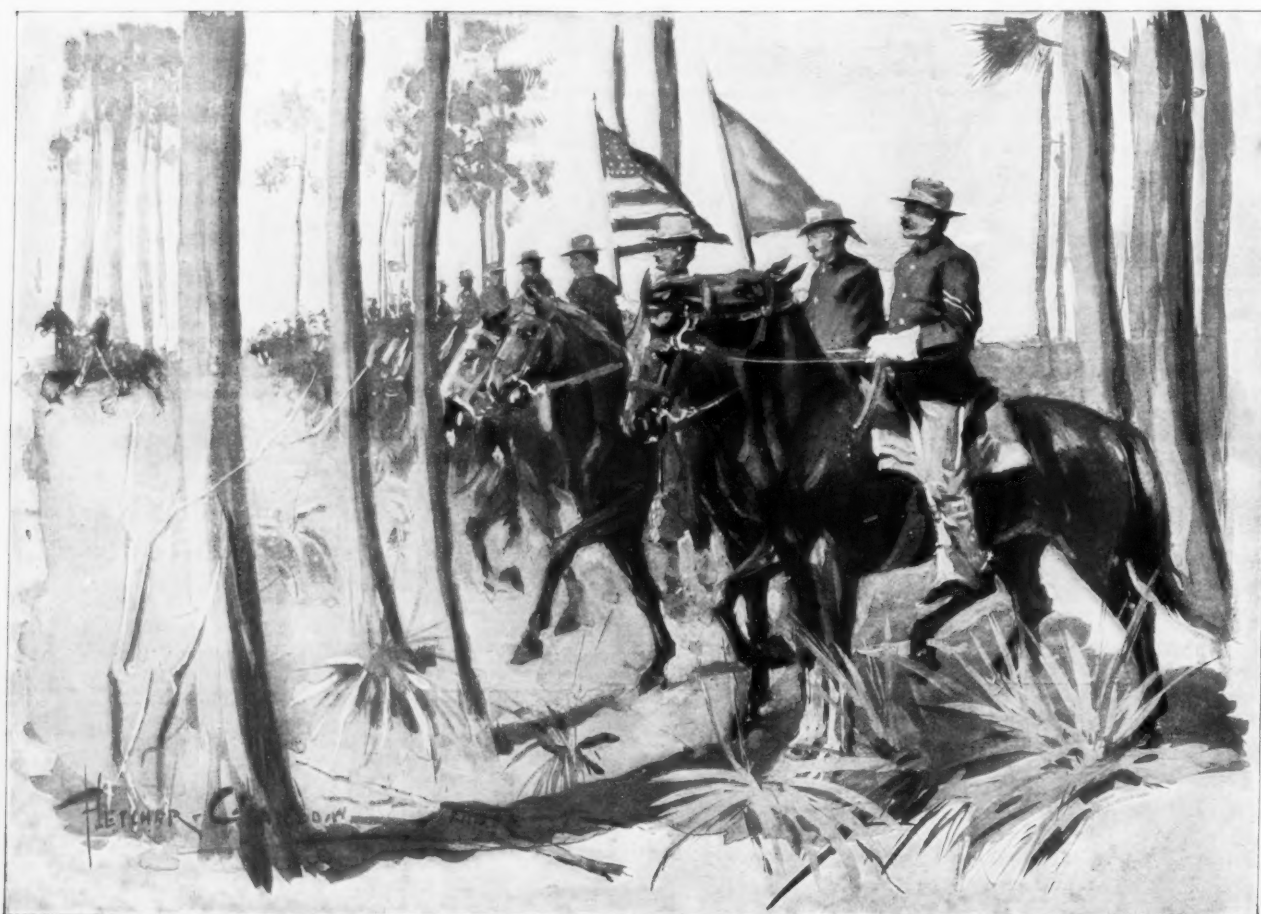
COLONEL STEVENS,  
*First Louisiana "Immunes."*



COLONEL DUNCAN HOOD,  
*Second Louisiana "Immunes."*



LIEUT.-COL. J. J. ASTOR,  
*Acting Assistant Inspector-General, U. S. A.*



CAVALRY AT BATTALION DRILL THROUGH FOREST AND UNDERBRUSH—Drawn by FLETCHER C. RANSOM

## A WEEK OF THE WAR

May 27.—What the day lacks in events it makes up in strange stories. Sergeant Richards, of Battery B, First Artillery, at Key West, saw three strange men at night in the mortar battery. When he hailed them, one cried: "Jim, get the package!" and shot three times, one ball striking the sergeant in the arm. Other soldiers fired in the darkness at the fleeing forms. At Fort Clinch, near Fernandina, Fla., Sergeant Madras saw four men prowling about the gate near the powder magazine. They fired on him, and ran when he returned the fire.

Observers at Port Limon saw eight Spanish men-of-war sailing northwest; an Italian steamer from Panama to Cartagena saw seven; fourteen Spanish vessels passed by the Mole St. Nicholas, going through the Windward Passage—the "Yale" was plying there, too—and there was the usual report that heavy cannonading had been heard off the New England coast.

General de Riva, former Captain-general of the Philippines, declared in the Spanish Senate that the natives would maintain Spanish sovereignty, and that the rag called the American flag would never float over the walls of Manila.

The despatch boat "Zafiro" brought to Hong Kong Captain Gridley of the cruiser "Olympia," "invalided" by Medical Board. Spanish losses at the battle of Manila, by corrected statement, were: killed, 78 on the ships, and 23 at the arsenal at Cavite; wounded, 235 on the ships, and 45 at the arsenal.

Captain-general Blanco informed Madrid that the torpedo boat destroyer "Terror" had meant to go to San Juan de Porto Rico, but saw four Americans outside and put in at Fajardo.

Under a flag of truce, Colonel Cortijo, brother-in-law of General Weyler, and Dr. Garcia Julian, captured on the "Argonauta," were exchanged off Havana for Charles H. Thrall and Hayden Jones, American newspaper correspondents.

The United States prize court at Key West adjudged four out of six vessels lawful prizes and ordered them sold—the "Buenaventura," "Panama," "Pedro," and "Guido."

Despatches leaving Manila to-day say that Admiral Dewey promised the Spanish that he would not bombard the city if no attempt was made to strengthen the defenses. The captain-general agreed, but work went on. A warning shot stopped it. There is said to be sickness aboard the "Boston." Spaniards insult the pictures of Queen Victoria.

May 28.—The United States cruiser "Columbia," which sailed from New York Friday morning after recoaling, was run into by the British steamship "Foscolia," fifteen miles southwest of Fire Island, in the fog and darkness Saturday evening. A hole twelve feet long by six feet wide was ripped in the warship's thin shell on the starboard quarter. The steel

protective deck, four inches thick, was bent double. The hole extended five feet below the water-line. The heavy frames saved the warship from being cut in two. The "Columbia" was listed to port, so that the hole could be covered with heavy tarpaulins. She is now being repaired at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The "Foscolia's" bow was torn off and she sunk. No lives were lost.

The English steamship "Myrtledene," ordered out of the Bay of Cardenas, where she was loading, and subsequently permitted by Secretary Long to return and finish loading, according to the thirty-day clause, found the entrance blocked by sunken hulks, put there since the battle.

U. S. Consul O. F. Willis, who came from Manila on the "Zafiro," says Admiral Montojo will not be court-martialed, having fought bravely. Aguinaldo's men at Cavite are well drilled. The Spanish are trying to win them over by promises of autonomy. They have appointed native governors of provinces, but the insurgents decline to come in. Prize money for Dewey's sailors will be about four thousand dollars per man.

Madrid advices from Manila are that there is an insurrection at St. Thomas, and that the rebels have burned houses and murdered the commander of the volunteers and a priest. The Americans have fortified Corregidor Island and are mining the channel.

May 29.—Cervera's fleet sighted. It has been in Santiago harbor since May 19, but not till to-day was its whereabouts definitely known by the American warships. Captain Sigsbee of the "St. Paul" steamed close enough in to see two cruisers like the "Vizcaya" and two torpedo boats. Two Italians from Santiago, who crossed to Port-au-Prince in a shore boat, report great scarcity of food, which was not bettered by the squadron's arrival. There were disembarked eight hundred men, twenty thousand Mauser rifles, ammunition, and four great guns, said to be for fortifications. At St. Thomas it is doubted if all Cervera's fleet is at Santiago.

For the first time in thirty-three years a President of the United States personally inspected a body of the fighting forces of the nation. At Camp Alger, Va., President McKinley reviewed the troops, and was cheered enthusiastically by them.

Captain B. S. Osborn, just returned from Curacao, saw Cervera's fleet there, and reports that the ships were so short of provisions that the men were on half rations. Their coal was almost gone, and the bottoms of the vessels were foul with long bunches of sea-grass.

Major-general Shafter, commanding the Fifth Army Corps at Tampa, has received orders that fifteen thousand to twenty thousand soldiers be embarked at once.

Two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers from Cervera's fleet slipped out of Santiago harbor, but were detected by the lookout on the "Texas," which lay inshore. They made a dash for her, but soon ran back for the harbor in a rain of shot and shell which is not believed to have hurt them.

May 30.—Major-general Miles and his entire staff, accompanied by three officers of the Cuban army and an escort from the 6th Cavalry, left Washington for Tampa to-night.

During a debate on the policy of the government toward the insurgents in the Philippines, General Primo de Rivera, formerly captain-general of those islands, denied that he had ever promised reforms to the rebels. He had demanded unconditional surrender. Aguinaldo had asked that his comrades might have a piece of bread. Senor Giron, Minister of the Colonies, declared that no reforms should be granted without the minutest investigation.

May 31.—The American fleet bombarded to-day the forts of Morro Castle, La Zocapa and Punta Gorda, commanding the entrance to the Bay of Santiago de Cuba. Action was from 2 P.M. till 3.45 P.M., and was indecisive.

Secretary Alger sent to the House a recommendation for funds for harbor defense and the conducting of the war, among them \$150,000 for torpedoes in Manila Bay.

Hong Kong advices are that the Spaniards are fortifying the shore at Manila and recalling all the field pieces from landward.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies passed the bill prohibiting the export of silver. Bank of Spain bills of the face value of twenty-five pesetas cannot be changed at shops or money-changers under ten per cent discount.

The successful landing is reported of three hundred and eighty Cuban patriots under General Sanguily, with arms and ammunition for Gomez.

The auxiliary gunboats "Uncas" and "Leyden," formerly tugs, demolished a blockhouse near the entrance to Matanzas harbor at noon to-day. There was no resistance.

June 1.—Rear-admiral Sampson arrived off Santiago de Cuba and took command of the combined fleets, which numbered fifteen warships.

Four regiments left Chickamauga for Tampa. A run on the Bank of Spain began. Silver was scarce, and speculators were shipping to Lisbon.

The official "Gazette" of Madrid published a royal decree authorizing an internal loan of 1,000,000,000 pesetas (about \$200,000,000) at four per cent.

Secretary Alger asked Congress for \$3,107,000 for the army's campaign in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The "Temerario" which was to have caught the "Oregon," has obtained permission from the Paraguayan government to lie up at Asuncion till the war is over. She is disabled.

News brought to San Francisco from Australia is that Sydney theater audiences are so enthusiastic for America that they demand "The Star Spangled Banner" after the play. Consul Bell is besieged with offers of volunteers.

June 2.—About four thousand engineers, light and heavy artillery, and some companies of infantry, embarked at Tampa for Cuba, probably Santiago.

It is rumored at Hong Kong that the rebel chief, Aguinaldo, has been rejected by the insurgents and forced to take refuge on an American warship. His cousin has been made general by the Spaniards at the very place where Aguinaldo expected to begin operations.

The British ship "Restormel," seized while trying to run into Santiago de Cuba with a cargo of Welsh coal, was released by the prize court at Key West to-day, but her cargo condemned as contraband of war.

The tug "Leyden," which planted the Stars and Stripes on Piedras Key, within full sight of Cardenas, fired a couple of shots to-day at three Spanish gunboats which were towing out hulks and old boilers to block up the harbor entrance. They made no reply.

#### THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE WAR, NO. 1—Drawn by PETER NEWELL.



THE WAR FEVER AT CONEY ISLAND

ENTERPRISING MANAGER—"Now then, you sons of veterans! You can't all go to Cuba, but you can capture some prizes by throwing at his nibs here. Hit him once, and you get a Manila. Three times, and you get a box of Havanas."

# TORPEDO BOAT—CAPTURED

BY PERCIE W. HART



UPON a certain occasion, when the executive officer of an American warship called for volunteers to man a torpedo launch he inwardly reasoned somewhat after the following fashion: "The chief knows, and I know, that it will be a forlorn hope in every sense of the word. This running sea will probably swamp them in the first mile or two, and even if they manage to reach the blockading fleet, they'll not likely have the chance to come back again!" Acting upon this rather somber view of the thing, it can well be understood that his selections were not altogether unprejudiced.

A little group of the watch on deck sat close under the lee of a jutting ventilator shaft, and relieved their feelings with a rather varied outpouring of ejaculation, both profane and otherwise.

"This sailing bizness is gettin' too blamed crooked for me!" cried one, Bill Swing, gunner's mate, and of the starboard watch; "I've seen enough of havin' favorites ashore, and if so be as it has got into the navy, why, I'll quit the game next port of call!"

"What's up, Billy?" queried a passing marine, who had not been included in the proclamation.

"Asked for volunteers to pot the enemy's fleet," commenced Bill Swing explanatorily, "and after the whole watch stepped into line blamed if Mudhooks didn't pick out a set of molly-coddle kids that don't half know where they are at."

"Who's to command?" questioned the marine.

"Another smoothfaced boy! Young Wilson! . . . Fresh from school!" broke in one of the indignant watch, with a vicious accent.

"Stead of choosin' out fellers as knows just how to do the trick," recommenced Bill Swing, "old Mudhooks says, 'Boys, this here's a dangerous job, and only wellnigh reckless men ought to try it!' Out jumps young Banter and cried, 'Leftenant!' says he, 'I'm an orphan without a soul in the world dependent upon or caring for me. Let those with mothers, wives and sweethearts stay behind, and take the likes of me,' says Banter. 'I'm an orphan, too,' says another. 'So'm I, sir!' we all began to shout. You ought to see the look on Mudhook's face. 'I never knew before that this ship was a floating orphan asylum,' says he to us, kinder stern-like. Then all hands commenced to snicker. But the long and short of the thing was just according to young Banter's way of putting it. He and five other healthy orphans are to go. If nobody but orphans can get any chance on this ship, why, I'm—"

"Cadet Wilson is alone in the world, too, so he says!" chuckled a red-haired seaman incredulously.

"You say a word 'gainst Cadet Wilson, and I'll—" began a big burly fellow. But before he could complete his challenge the boatswain's whistle sounded and the watch trooped aft to the davits.

It was a wild night afloat. The gale raced down in gusts of terrific power that set the whole huge fabric a-tremble and fairly rocked the frailer superstructure from side to side. But this was as nothing when compared with the wrathful height and sweep of the tossing seas. On board of the vessel, even though she wallowed and plunged about more like a cattle steamer than a big battleship, the lights, familiar objects, and close touch of much humanity brought a certain cheer and safety of its own. But this feeling extended no further than the vessel's bulwarks. Round about and beyond was a wilderness of swirling, watery mountains, pitchy darkness, and forsaken wastes.

The little torpedo boat was picked up, swung outboard, and dropped into the trough of the sea, at an opportune moment, by the graceful steam crane. She seemed, in comparison with the great ship, more like some child's toy than a craft loaded down with powerful explosives and a crew of seven men. The searchlight of the mother-craft framed her in its lustrous circle for a few minutes. There was a waving of caps and hands, a few shouts lost in the noise of the storm, and the little launch was quickly lost to sight in the riotous darkness.

About thirty-six hours later the sea was as calm as a farm pond, and the glaring sun looked down from a cloudless sky upon a small, drifting hulk. Not another craft was in sight, but far away to the eastward a dot of land upreared itself above the horizon line. Perched upon the tiny derelict were seven sallow weatherworn individuals.

"Men," said Cadet Wilson to his companions, "the storm was too much for us. We have failed in our purpose. It is almost a miracle that the launch has managed to keep afloat so well. As far as I can see, our best chance will be to try and reach that distant land. Throw over everything that is loose, and we'll endeavor to paddle her along with the bottom boards."

"I'm powerful hungry, sir!" began one, and then stopped short, apologetically.

The young cadet somewhat ostentatiously straightened himself up and drew in his belt buckle to the last hole. The others silently imitated his example, and then fell to work.

Overboard went both shattered and whole pieces of machinery and gear, and all parts of the boiler that could readily be detached. (The smokestack had vanished long since, and of fuel there was not a single remaining crumb.) Then followed the little rapid-fire gun and its shield, the small and side-arms, and finally, with many a sigh of regret, the expensive torpedoes. These were gingerly poised upon the rail, valves opened to insure their sinking, and then slid into the water.

"I thought by this time you'd be snuggling alongside of a Spanish cruiser," said one of the men as he eloquently patted the last of these innocent-looking ghoul's of war upon its polished surface; "but now the mermaids will use you for a bench in their seaweed gardens!"

"Oars!" called Cadet Wilson. And, with a great splashing from pieces of coal-bunker and flooring, the little hulk was slowly and laboriously propelled in the direction of the distant land.

After several weary hours of such paddling they drew appreciably nearer.

"What do you make out, Banter?" queried the young officer mildly, as he noticed the seaman addressed gazing steadily shoreward, with both hands carefully shading his eyes from the glare of water and sun.

"Can't rightly say yet, sir," replied Banter cautiously; "but it looks like a group of people standing on the shore watching us, and—and by the bright colors I should say they might be soldiers!"

"They would be enemy's soldiers then," coolly remarked Cadet Wilson, "for this island must lie in the sphere of Spanish ownership!"

"And all our arms and ammunition at the bottom of the sea!" growled some of the men.

"We are in bad shape," explained the young officer. "Boat strained and leaking badly, engine wrecked and no fuel, without provisions or water, and where the gale has blown us exactly is pretty hard telling. Food and a prison would be safety to this."

There could scarcely be any satisfactory appeal from the young officer's cold logic, and his men continued to doggedly paddle forward.

"I can make out what appear to be three or four houses, barracks probably," said the far-sighted Banter some little time later.

"Those must be fields of grain or something," announced another, pointing with his index finger.

"Yes, I see both houses and fields," put in Cadet Wilson; "but where are the soldiers?"

"They may not have been soldiers, sir," somewhat hesitatingly answered the wily Banter. "Whatever they were, they have gone off out of sight now."

"To lie in ambush and shoot us all in cold blood as soon as we get in range," remarked one of the crew in dubious tones.

Nevertheless, in spite of a by no means unreasonable feeling of uncertainty, they continued to paddle steadily onward, and finally beached the poor battered torpedo launch about half a mile to one side of the buildings. Scarcely had the crew ranged themselves upon the shore, expectant and ready for whatever might happen, when a chattering group of strangers emerged from the shelter of a nearby grove and advanced curiously toward them.

"Soldiers, eh!" remarked one of the American sailors in a mightily relieved tone of voice. "Banter can't tell a petticoat from a doughboy!"

"I didn't say for sure that they were soldiers, did I?" queried the accused individual indignantly. But his protests were lost in the general interest aroused by the newcomers.

The island party was assuredly feminine in the main, and mostly youthful at that, although a stout priest in cassock and scrip formed the advance guard and a few middle-aged men hovered upon the wings. The young ladies were attired in gayly-colored apparel, and each one wore the bewildering and audacious mantilla with that grace which only a senorita can command.

"We are shipwrecked American sailors," began the young officer, looking somewhat nervously about to see if any further male re-enforcements were at hand. "Do you understand me?"

"I will tell it unto the rest," lisped one of the black-eyed beauties. "I the American speak verra well."

"What may you call this place?" questioned the cadet in bland tones, bowing most profusely to the fair interpreter.

"It no name has. It is so small, you see," replied the girl explanatorily. "But it is with the Canary Islands, although they lay verra far off."

"Then you must be Spanish?" queried the young man.

"For sure," laughed the maiden; "and you are the Americanos. But wait not here too long. We have already prepared for your coming, and the meats are ready for eating. We welcome you, brave men, to our island."

"I guess it'll be our island, if there ain't any more men



THE ISLAND'S LARGEST WEDDING PARTY.—Drawn by F. V. CHOMINSKI

around," remarked Banter impulsively in an aside to his comrades.

But it is rather awkward to officially inform smiling hosts and hostesses, who are ministering to your wants in most hospitable fashion, that they are prisoners, and their possessions in the hands of an enemy. Moreover, in the case in point, it would have seemed like taking an undue advantage, for by reason of their lack of communication with the rest of the group and the world beyond, these islanders, as the American sailors soon ascertained, were utterly unaware of their two countries being at variance. And so it came about that martial measures were quickly abandoned, and the castaways, while waiting for some chance ship to return them to their duties, passed the time very pleasantly in divers fashions. Among other things they soon picked up a knowledge of the Spanish tongue. Combine willing teachers and pretty girls, and the advantages of the much-vaunted six-week systems are as nothing.

It was a most idyllic life to these rugged young sailors, fresh from all the horrible rush and uncertainties of modern naval warfare. The island, although small, was rich in production. The luxuriant natural harvests, some minor agriculture, and the flocks, supplied every want. The climate was by no means excessive in its demands. The inhabitants found pleasure in occupation, and occupation in pleasure. String music of the voluptuous Castilian sort was never wanting, and intricate dancing figures came naturally to these gladsome natures. And, to crown all, there was jovial Padre Anselmo, than whom a lustier at repartee or sturdier at trencher ne'er wore a knotted rope round waist; ministering to them civically as well as spiritually, and rendering police, magistrates, and jails alike unnecessary.

By a strange incongruity all the native younger folk of the island were daughters—black-eyed Spanish beauties—and there were seven of them. Incidentally, it will be remembered that there were seven young Americans from the wrecked torpedo launch!

One, two, three, four, months passed away, and not till well on in the fifth did an opportunity occur for the castaways to return to the outside world. An English merchantman was sighted in the offing, and huge smoky bonfires, combined with great signal flags (material unnecessary to mention), at last attracted her skipper's attention. It may have been the heavy calm which promised to last indefinitely, and perhaps the opportunity of laying in a supply of fresh vegetables had something to do with it; but, at any rate, a boat's crew was despatched shoreward to investigate. The second mate, who was in charge of the little expedition, must have been an extremely thoughtful individual, for he stuffed a couple of newspapers, one of com-

paratively recent date, the other somewhat old, into the pocket of his pea-jacket. I presume he reasoned that even American papers would be better than none at all to these newsless colonists.

Meanwhile, the island had become a veritable vale of tears.

Seven lovely girls sobbing as though their hearts were really breaking! Seven young men frantically declaring in crude Spanish that they would surely return as soon as duty to their native land permitted! Fathers, mothers, and several peons, uncertain whether to fight or run! Padre Anselmo rattling off prayers and telling his beads at a most tremendous rate, alternated by vowing that the marriage ceremonies which he had performed for all seven couples were as binding in the United States as elsewhere!

Married! Why, of course! In more temperate zones the time might have seemed too short. But given youth, beauty, the tropic sun, a few months of continuous companionship—and there you are, as certain as the truest axiom ever formulated.

The boat's crew were busy filling their casks with water from the spring, but the obliging second mate came up to the houses (there were nearly a dozen of them by this time), and after greeting the castaways and their newly-found wives effusively, and guaranteeing the former a passage in his ship, handed Cadet Wilson the two New York newspapers.

The young officer picked out the one of more recent date and began to hurriedly to look it over.

"Why, there's not a word in this paper about how the war is going on!" he shouted amazedly.

"War?" replied the second mate. "Why, my dear fellow, it's all over three months ago. A treaty was signed—"

But the young officer had turned to the oldest paper even while asking the question, and now read aloud a most pertinent item:

#### "TORPEDO BOAT LOST!"

"The torpedo launch from the battleship —, which was despatched on the night of the — inst., with instructions to try and blow up one of the Spanish blockading fleet, has not been heard from. Hope of her safety has now been finally given up, and the names of her officer and crew stricken from the Navy List. She undoubtedly went down in the severe storm which was raging upon that night. It is a melancholy satisfaction to know that the brave fellows on board of her had no one dependent upon them, and that they voluntarily offered for the service, well realizing its dangerous nature. Their comrades have subscribed for a memorial tablet to perpetuate—"

"Gee!" interrupted Banter. "The war is over and we are out of the navy and officially dead. We have no other homes to go to. Might as well stay where we are and be happy!"

And they did.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

*Headquarters of the Army, Tampa, Fla., May 27*

AT Tampa, there you are. At Key West, where are you? This is the difference in feeling between up there and down here. In Key West the sun sets on a mouse-colored fleet. You go to bed feeling that you have the navy just outside your bedroom window. You wake up at daylight—not a ship in the harbor. At Tampa, however, another sort of fleet, a black fleet, is tied securely to the wharf. You go to bed, knowing that, in the morning, those black ships will still be tugging at their lines, fore and aft. That's the difference between ships made to fight and ships made to carry troops. The fleet at Key West has a way of getting up steam and going to Cuba. But the ships at Tampa simply stand around like the ocean-going army wagons that they are—waiting to carry soldiers Cubanward.

In Key West you sit on the hotel piazza and wonder how your host can have the nerve to charge you five dollars a day for sleeping on a cot in the hall at night. All around you sit young men in duck trousers and blue serge coats gazing toward the infinite sea. Suddenly, a speck appears on the horizon and the young men in the white ducks come to life. They spring up as one man, upsetting glasses of lemonade and other things, in the action and rush for the telegraph office. Every man rushes for himself and the hindmost looks reproachful. "Oregon" has been sighted. Is one hundred and eighty-two men short. Then, as if by magic, here comes the "Mascotte" from Tampa, her decks alive with the forms of two hundred and five bluejackets, naval reserves from Chicago. These men will more than fill the one hundred and eighty-two vacancies on the "Oregon." Alas for the remaining twenty-three! They must be separated from their ship-mates and go to the "Wilmington" or to the "Helena," or to some other gunboat. Then here comes the S.S. "Florida," a transport, with the four hundred and twenty Cubans written about last week. There is trouble aboard. Too many captains can wreck a ship. The object of the expedition is to land arms and ammunition for the insurgent army. But the Cubans are fighting among themselves. Suddenly comes an order from Uncle Sam: "Proceed at once on your mission." That settles it. Cubans are afraid to fight among themselves in Uncle Sam's presence. It might hurt their cause.

All this is sent over the telegraph by the young men in the white ducks. Who are they? Correspondents? Yes, and something more. They are naval experts. A naval expert is any newspaper man who has been in Key West several weeks. A naval greenhorn is one who, like your correspondent, has been in Key West several days.

The greenhorn's proper place is in Tampa with the soldiers. He has merely made a flying trip to Key West to see the ships. As there are no ships to see, he takes a ride around the city, fare ten cents. Ten cents for a ride in a victoria! Seems almost out of order after paying that five dollars per diem to sleep on a cot in the hotel corridor at night.

This is a wicked town. It's so wicked that the good people have asked to have it put under martial law. Negroes shoot sailors at night. Now, that is very wicked. At Tampa the soldiers shoot, but they only shoot at people, in just a playful sort of way. But in Key West the negroes shoot right into the sailors and kill the poor bluejackets. Under martial law, Key West will probably become a more orderly town; for then the marines can shoot into the negroes and Uncle Sam will pat them on the back. For these are war times.

Now, perhaps I have shown that in Key West the news comes to the correspondent. In Tampa, however, the correspondent must go to the news. If he should sit on the hotel piazza and gaze across the boundless waste of sand not a speck would he see on the horizon. For the army is not as restless as the navy, and so the army stays right in one spot. The spot is the stretch of sand between The Tampa Bay Hotel and the fleet of transports at Port Tampa.

On this spot stands a city with a population of twenty-seven thousand men. It is a city of ominous silence. For each inhabitant goes about with his ear cocked to hear the first word of the order that will send him to a strange island to fight and kill his fellowmen. This is a city of soldiers—come here and see the difference between the volunteers and the regulars. The regulars have learned discipline. The volunteers are learning, slowly; for camp restrictions are new to these men who, only a few weeks ago, were civilians.

Meanwhile the transports lie patiently waiting, the last bullet and the last ration stored away beneath their hatches. The "Olivette," the flagship of the fleet, lies at the head of the wharf, her decks covered with white canvas for the feet of General Miles and his staff to tread upon. In her hold are twelve stalls—four of them for the commanding general's own horses. The Red Cross steamer lies out in the harbor, while Clara Barton is trying to decide whether to go to Cuba or not. The War Department has not ordered her to stay home, but it has advised her not to sail with the transport. The Red Cross steamer is full of food—twenty-one hundred tons of bacon and cornmeal for the reconcentrados. The War Department has advised Miss Barton not to land that food in Cuba—till we are certain that it will reach the reconcentrados. Meanwhile the Red Cross steamer would be most useful if anchored off

Egmont Key, the hospital island, twenty-five miles down Tampa Bay, where most of our wounded soldiers will be brought, from Cuba. The Marine Hospital Board is now getting this island in readiness for the heroes maimed by shot and shell. A thousand hospital tents, with accommodations for four men in each tent, are already pitched and a number of physicians are making themselves at home there.

As the transports steam down the bay, past that island, thousands of the men on the decks will ask themselves: "Shall we return there? Shall we ever come back at all?"

Indeed, while the army is waiting here, while it sleeps on its arms during these last days in Tampa, the men are growing thoughtful, preoccupied. They seem absent-minded; but they are all attention. They hear a voice within them and they are listening to it. "What does that inner voice say?" I asked a soldier.

"It says," he replied, "something like this: 'To be or not to be? that is the question.' Whether to kill or to be killed? And to be, means to die."

Thus in these last days before invasion I see a thousand tragedies in Tampa, every hour. The men laugh and the women weep, and both say good-by only to say good-by again.

From the highest officer to the lowest orderly, every man feels the seriousness of the hour. Even the crews on the transports are aware that they are about to risk life and limb. Some of these crews have mutinied, swore they will not go to Cuba, threatened to desert their ships. But these same crews have been told that they must go to Cuba or go to prison. They have signed papers agreeing to man their steamers, to stand by them upon any voyage, according to war's whims. Uncle Sam needs every man. Not one can be spared. Meanwhile a squad of soldiers guards each steamer; not so much to keep the crews in as to keep visitors with lighted cigars out.

GILSON WILLETS.

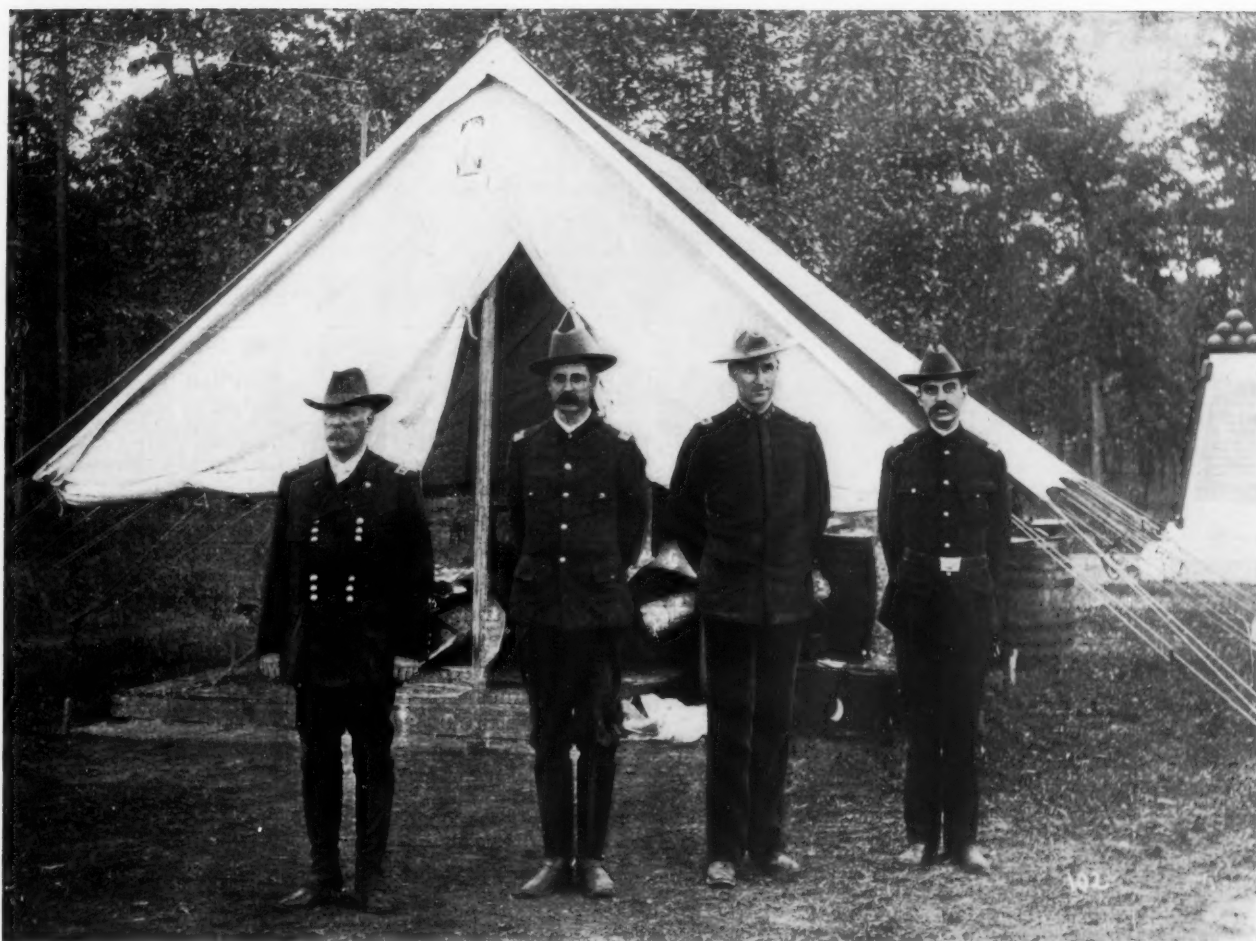
*San Francisco, May 24*

THERE were still stars in the chill gray sky as the first rays of dawn peeped over Mount Diablo, a little before 5 A.M. yesterday, when the reveille called the camp of the 1st regiment of California Volunteers to life. A quarter of an hour afterward, the sun rose over the mountains and a serene day began. I watched the strings of volunteers racing to the kitchens with tin pans and cups for their last breakfast on Californian soil. The meal was scarcely eaten when the stirring notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" rang out from the encampment of the 7th Regiment, sharp bugle calls cut the morning air, and the volunteers who were gathering their scanty belongings were warned that their time was short. At seven, Adjutant Kelleher ordered his trumpeter to sound "the general"; in a moment, as it seemed, that great city of tents which stood in front of me shook and trembled and fluttered, and fell with a crash to the ground, imparting to the sandy and muddy soil the appearance of an alkali prairie. Scores of nimble hands folded the canvas dwellings and tied them in bundles.

The Presidio gates had been opened shortly after daybreak, and a multitude of men, women and children thronged the grounds, and enveloped the parting regiment in loving arms. Bouquets were thrust into rifles; snug packages of food, and, maybe, an extra pair or two of socks, were pushed under the men's coats; women cried, girls hugged their sweethearts, fathers patted their sons on their back and bade them do their duty. Presently a bugle call ordered the exclusion of all visitors from the encampment, and the companies lined up in heavy marching order. A few moments afterward the colonel took his place, with his staff around him, and the bugle sounded the advance.

The line of march was along Lombard to Van Ness, and thence down Market Street. I have seen many crowds in the great thoroughfare of San Francisco, but none to compare with that of yesterday. It seemed that every one must have been in the streets. The sidewalks were jammed from the houses to the gutter; out of every window flags floated, and heads craned, reckless of the danger of a fall; there was a blaze of color and an orchestra of sound. The chief of police, with two platoons of sturdy policemen, armed with their fighting clubs, made such slow progress in clearing a way for the troops that the latter often seemed to be marking time. At intervals, bands ensconced on upper stories played martial airs; from one of the tall buildings Chinese bombs deafened people with detonations. But there were no accidents, and, except for the tears of the girl who was left behind, all were in good humor and cheered each company as it passed. Frantic women sometimes broke through the police lines, and seized a boy who was marching under the colors; the little drummer boys did not always relish the display of affection. In European cities, streets through which regiments march en route for the field are generally lined with soldiers, who keep spectators back. In this country we do not fancy the sharp line of demarcation between civilian and army man.

The march was so slow, and the interruptions so many, that over two hours were consumed before the dock was reached. But it was gained at last, the big gates were swung open, and the men of the first company of the 1st flung their tired frames upon the planks. Other companies followed swiftly, and the embarkation proceeded without delay. At 1 P.M. the "City of



General Wilson. Lieut.-Col. Wilder. Major Reber. Captain Hewitt.  
MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON, COMMANDER OF SIXTH CORPS, AND STAFF

Peking" had taken the last volunteer on board and swung into the stream.

The scene was repeated to-day. This morning, the second Oregon regiment, with four companies of the 14th regulars, embarked on board the "City of Sydney" and the "Australia." All the companies are full, and the Oregonians, who are a fine looking body of men, young, tall and sturdy, have been so unceasingly drilled since they went into camp that they do not in the least look like raw recruits. Colonel Summers commands the Oregonians, and Major Robe the regulars. The 7th California and the Washington Volunteers are left at the Presidio, and are chafing at the delay which keeps them ashore when their more lucky comrades are on the way to the field of battle.

In the new camp, which has been planted on the Bay District race-track, there are nearly five thousand men under canvas, consisting mainly of volunteers from Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Idaho. In the words of an old soldier, they are admirable food for powder. The Minnesotans are remarked for their tall stature; blonde hair and beards reveal in many cases a Scandinavian origin. The 1st Kansas is said to be largely officered by veterans, as may be inferred from the careful trenches which have been dug to drain the tents. Unless appearances greatly deceive, these Western boys will give a good account of themselves when they have to face the Spanish garrisons in the Philippines. They have not enlisted from a desire for lucre. They are not conscripts. They go a-warring from the ambition which is normal in the manly breast, and they are familiar with the use of the rifle. It will take a few months to make trained soliders of them; but your Western youth learns quickly, as we saw in the Civil War.

As might have been expected, the volunteers have suffered from the evils of unpreparedness. Several regiments, notably those from Los Angeles and Stockton, seem to have left their homes with an idea that Uncle Sam would provide them with everything they needed on their arrival at the camp of distribution. Many of the men had no underclothing; many had no socks. Days passed before these deficiencies were supplied. In the meantime, young men mounted guard as sentries, in a cold wind and a drizzling rain, with little or nothing between their uniforms and their skin. A volunteer artillery battalion was stationed in the old woolen mill now known as the Fentana warehouse. There was not a stove in the building, and the long stories were like icehouses; one of the officers said that there was not a dry pair of socks in the battalion. Lieutenant Hayne, who resigned a professorship in the university to join the gun-

ners, told me that, noticing one of his sentries shivering, he tore open his uniform, and found that he had neither shirt nor overcoat.

This is a rich and a benevolent community, but the war has been sprung upon us so suddenly that we are only beginning to learn its exigencies. The sufferings of the volunteers were related to one of the kindest and most affluent ladies of our society. She was much touched, and to volunteers to whom a flannel shirt or an extra pair of socks would have been a godsend, she sent next day two hundred boxes of strawberries. Girls think they are demonstrating the warmth of their affections when they send their laddies a bunch of roses.

I have been much struck, in both the camps in this city, by the helplessness of men when they have no women to look after them. There are practically no provisions for cleanliness; a soldier must be content with an allowance of washing water no larger than that which satisfied Svengali's wants. Among the supplies which the government furnishes to its troops, towels are not included, and without a towel ablutions are an exasperating formality. In this meridian there is hardly any troublesome insect but the flea; but when the transports reach the hot latitudes, it is to be feared that vermin will prove serious, unless the company officers insist on douches at stated intervals.

JOHN BONNER.

NOTE.—On June 2 there were in or near San Francisco the following troops, presumably for the Manila expedition: Seventh California volunteers, 1,026; Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers, 640; First battalion Wyoming volunteers, 338; Light Batteries A and B, Utah volunteers, 250; First Colorado volunteers, 1,008; First Nebraska volunteers, 1,022; Twentieth Kansas volunteers, 1,016; Thirteenth Minnesota volunteers, 1,030; Fourteenth United States infantry, 240; First battalion Idaho volunteers, 680; Eighteenth United States infantry, 631; Twenty-third United States infantry, 622; First Montana volunteers, 1,080; Troop Utah cavalry volunteers, 80; First North Dakota volunteers, 700; Company A, United States engineers, 60; Third United States artillery, 630; Fourth United States cavalry, 350; California heavy artillery, 520; Sixth California volunteers, 680; First Washington volunteers, 680; First South Dakota volunteers, 1,050.

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## GLADSTONE'S COURAGE

ONE secret of the popularity of the famous statesman, whose death is now being mourned throughout the English-speaking world, was his marvelous courage, resource, and indomitable resolution. The Anglo-Saxon race has always admired pluck in public men. Gladstone had enough pluck to equip any half-dozen of ordinary men. "There is no man living," remarked a naval officer of some distinction three or four years ago, "who would have made so splendid an admiral of the old type as Mr. Gladstone, if he had only been in the navy. Once let him be convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and he would fight against any odds, nail his colors to the mast, and blow up the magazine rather than surrender." It was this fearlessness of spirit which, even more than the splendor of his statesmanship and the magnificent stateliness and persuasiveness of his eloquence, made him the darling of the multitude up to the hour of his death.

It has become the fashion to speak slightly of physical in comparison with moral courage; the heroes of the battlefield are belittled in order that the men who have suffered for conscience' sake may be magnified. This is probably because of the reaction that was bound to follow the long season of praise that attended physical courage. But true wisdom lies in the golden mean that emphasizes the value of both physical and moral courage in their respective spheres of operation. Real courage combines in itself physical and moral qualities. Gladstone was a striking illustration of this fact. Even in his early days he showed how the two could and should be combined. When he was at Eton it was the custom of the boys to torture certain animals at the annual fair, when large license was permitted to the school. Young Gladstone flung himself, one day, into the midst of the company of tormentors and fearlessly threatened to "make a mark in a good round hand upon the face" of any boy who dared to torture an animal. "Coming events cast their shadows before." It was not difficult to prophesy that the champion of dumb animals would grow up to be the knight-errant of liberty, ever ready to undertake a crusade and strike a blow, no matter against

what odds, on behalf of distressful innocence and outraged justice.

The boy passed from Eton to Oxford, and there he showed that he had moral as well as physical courage. One evening in the common dining-room a toast was proposed among the students of which Gladstone disapproved. He energetically turned his glass upside down rather than drink it. It was easier to face a blazing cannon than to do such a deed, but it was characteristic of the man.

Gladstone did many a brave thing in the course of his career, but perhaps the pluckiest thing he ever did was to tear the constituency of Midlothian out of the hands of the Buccleuch family. The writer was at that time a student in the University of Edinburgh, and Edinburgh is in the heart of the constituency. He never can forget the thrill of wonder that passed over the country because of the courage most people counted foolhardy that dared to beard the lion in his den. The Duke of Buccleuch owned nearly all the county of Midlothian; most of the voters were his tenants or dependents; and for generations the constituency had been represented by a member of the family. The Earl of Dalkeith, the Duke's son and heir, was the favored candidate, and for any one to oppose him was reckoned the acme of folly. But Gladstone rushed into the arena like a knight of old, resolved to conquer or die. He canvassed electors night and day, addressed immense meetings with a vigor, persuasiveness, and power which in the judgment of many constituted the meridian of his brilliant oratorical career, and lifted the whole struggle out of the dust of partisan politics to the sun-kissed heights of a battle for principle. The result was that the high-souled courage of the man carried everything before it. On the memorable 5th of April, 1880, the polls declared a substantial majority for Gladstone, and then for one night at least the staid and sensible citizens of Edinburgh let unbounded delight and enthusiasm run riot. Everybody shouted and danced on the street as if Bedlam had been set loose. Admiration of the man and joy in the success that crowned his pluck broke the bounds in which emotion was usually kept leashed. Such exceptional courage merited exceptional recognition.



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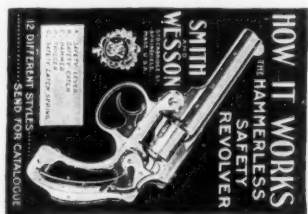
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Brigadier-general Oates, of Arkansas, who was in Congress a dozen years and has also been governor of his State, earned a colonelcy for gallant service in the Confederacy. Brigadier-general E. V. Sumner, son of Major-general Sumner, U.S.A., who commanded a corps of the Army of the Potomac, is probably the only officer in the service who has been colonel of three different regiments. While a captain of regulars, in 1864, he was appointed colonel of the First New York Mounted Rifles; he afterward commanded the Fourth (N. Y.) Provisional Cavalry, and four years ago was made colonel of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry—Custer's old regiment. His brother, Samuel, one of the new brigadiers, "got his schooling" also in the Civil War.

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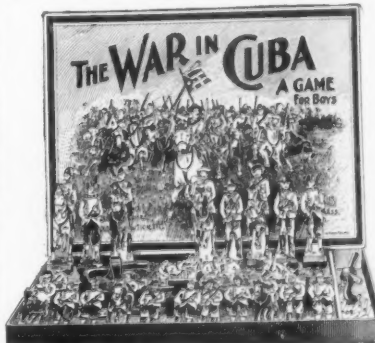
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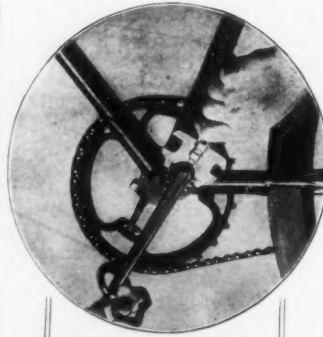
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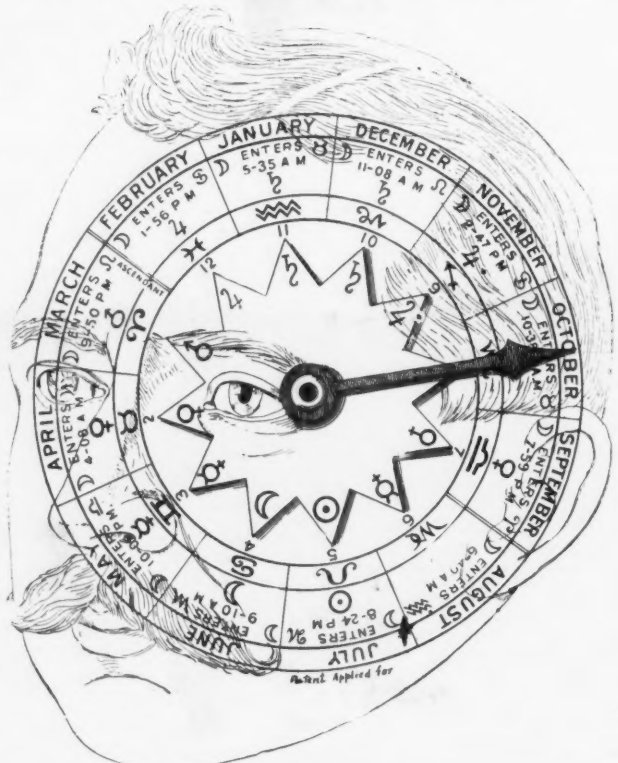
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